

There is no more seasonable gift possible for the whole family this Christmas tide than to put an Edison Amberola



In Your Home

Amberola No. 30 \$41.25
Amberola No. 50 \$70.30

Edison's Recreations (Disk Instruments), from \$140 and up.

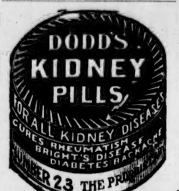
Sold on easy payments, 10 Cents balance to cash purchaser.

C. E. GOURLAY
Complete List of Disk and Cylinder Records
Phone 2844 (Opposite Hudson's Bay) 10241 Jasper Ave.

MAYOR HENRY SENDS MESSAGE OF SYMPATHY

"City of Edmonton deeply deplores and sympathizes with the victims of the recent disaster in Halifax. The mayor of Halifax has written to the mayor of Edmonton, Mr. Henry, expressing his sympathy and offering to make a tour of Canada, visiting Montreal, Toronto, Ottawa, Kingston, Hamilton and London.

At the conclusion of her engagement in Montreal, Mrs. Adams will make a tour of Canada, visiting Montreal, Toronto, Ottawa, Kingston, Hamilton and London.



Labor News and Gossip

NEVER before has there been such an array of labor candidates in the field at a municipal election and the Labor Representation League has carried out its announced intention of making as many nominations as possible. Personally the candidates have been well received at the campaign meetings and are well received to with attention. There are four nominees of the League for seats on the city council: Ald. Kinney, F. Scott, R. W. Field and J. White; while R. J. MacCoy is appealing for support on the ground of being the nominee of the Trades Union. There is small chance of his being elected, but it is fairly certain that two out of the five will be elected. As a candidate for the Public School Board, the nominee of the League, A. Farnham, has been holding his own well at the meetings.

(From the Chicago Tribune.)
A MERICAN labor is receiving more recognition today than ever in its history, and it is being recognized not because it holds a club over industry but because it is showing itself to be a more intelligent, more organized and better fitted toward organization labor, a more intelligent, more organized and better fitted toward organization labor, a more intelligent, more organized and better fitted toward organization labor.

DURING the past nine months there have been 16,000 accidents reported to the U. S. Department of Labor, an average of one for every five workmen engaged.

AN enviable record has been established by the Regina Bricklayers' Union No. 1, 864, which in the number of members of the union who have enlisted for active service overseas. The honor roll of the union was recently unveiled, containing the names of thirty members. Two of the members of the union have been killed in action, Capt. G. Brown and A. H. Downes. Capt. Brown won the Military Cross and T. Law was awarded the D.C.M. Albert Hazel, one of the members of the union has seen active service overseas, and has returned to Regina.

AMONG the subjects with which the provincial legislature will probably be called upon to deal is at its next session is that of providing a better system of child labor laws. Some at least of the members of the government are of the opinion that, favorably though, of course, they cannot be said to be so well defined as they should be. There are in every community a number of women whose husbands have died or deserted, leaving them without means and with young children to provide for. In many cases the children have to be committed to institutions. In other cases they are simply left to grow up neglected on the streets, associating with whom they will while the mother is at work. Under such conditions their chances of eventually becoming good citizens are very small.

THE Winnipeg labor party, part of which is against the war, held by all official pronouncements through its Trades Council and City Council representatives, sustained a reverse in Winnipeg civic elections. Controller Patten and Ald. Queen were re-elected, but four other Labor candidates were defeated, including Ald. Simpson.

TRADERS and Labor Council in a number of cities, are taking steps to organize local branches of Women's Labor League, which it is expected will eventually become a Dominion-wide organization. The idea of the organization is to elect one day and a minimum wage for women.

TEACHERS at Vancouver have been able to arrange fairly satisfactory conditions following the recent strike. The strike was the nature of a compromise, with the men gaining practically all they asked, and the extension of the term of the agreement, with no wage increase.

NOTHING further has been heard of the strike of the street railway employees. It is said that the strike will be made into the international one. Mr. Hoover, returns from Calgary.

BOLSHIEVISTS GET MOST VOTES
IN THE PROVINCIAL ELECTIONS, the Bolsheviks in the election obtained 2,784,000 votes, the Constitutional Democrats, 2,734,000, the Social Revolutionaries, who form the majority on the left, 2,734,000.



Will YOU Have MUSIC In YOUR Home This Christmas?

Can you imagine any pastime more wholesome, more elevating, more enjoyable, than an evening passed in music, the whole family taking part? If you find that the evenings seem long, are monotonous or cheerless—try music to liven them up. Many, in fact most musical instruments are easy to learn. Make an instrument the Christmas gift to each member of the family—the "home orchestra" started—make your "music corner" the most attractive spot in your community. We will be glad to help you choose—here you will find the largest stock in the city of

Interesting Musical Instruments

Our goal is always that of equal or superior quality at a less price—and in our small goods department we excel famously. Buying largely, never permitting our qualities "to drop," even in the face of wartime tightness of market we offer Violin, Banjo, Mandolin, and "Everything in Music" at prices very low.

Let Us Help You Select That Gift

"THE HOME OF THE VICTROLA" AND THOUSANDS OF RECORDS FOR YOU TO SELECT FROM
Mason & Risch
10156 Jasper Avenue, Edmonton.

DICKINSON WARNED ARMY
Petrograd, Dec. 7.—The last message sent to the troops by General Dukhomin, the commander of the Russian forces, before the Bolsheviks captured his headquarters at Moberly and Bolshevik troops killed him, warning them against breaking treaties with the entente allies.

and alienating the defenders of the Russian democratic regime. The message declared that the functions would become waste of imperialism in Germany, where centuries of oppression and of justice, Germany would never tolerate the free and democratic Russian people to be side.

RETURNS FROM ROYAL BANK
Montreal, Dec. 7.—W. H. Torrance, of Quebec, Ont., has been consoling with the Canadian bank for a branch in about 40 years. He has retired from the post of superintendent of branches of the Royal Bank of Canada. The appointment of M. W. Wilson as his successor is announced, along with some other changes re-

sulting from Mr. Wilson's promotion from his former position of chief inspector.

Wash fabrics laid in materials for smart blouses and halts and collars were never more modish, especially as they have taken on lovely soft pink blouses.

Waist High

Road Beam One-Third Mile Long

The New Osgood Lens is a one-piece lens of twelve prisms that direct all the light upward and downward. None thrown into the air—always below waist-height.

Result—74% more light on the road as compared with a plain lens; 91% greater road light as compared with a lens of ground glass.

These figures are based on exhaustive tests made by recognized authorities—including the Armour Institute of Technology, Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and the American Automobile Association.

Give the New Osgood a trial and see the vast difference for yourself. Sold at no other prices.

THE NEW OSGOOD LENS
CRAYVATH LONG DISTANCE TYPE
SOLD BY
McLaughlin Carriage Co.
DEALERS—WHOLESALE FOR ATTRACTIVE SALES DATA
E. M. NESBITT CO. LTD., Distributors for Northern Alberta
BEVILLON WHOLESALE LIMITED, Exclusive Hardware Jobbers

CANADIAN OSGOOD LENS CO.
207 Eighth Avenue West, Calgary, Alberta.

MUNICIPAL ELECTIONS

MONDAY, 10th DECEMBER, 1917.

THE POLL WILL BE OPEN FROM 9 TILL 7.

POLLING PLACES AS UNDER

- No. 1—Strand Hotel, West Edmonton.
- No. 2—1014 11th Avenue.
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The changes in boundaries from those of last year are as follows:
No. 1—From the west boundary of the city to center of 11th Street.
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Come to the Book Feast At the "Spot" Sale Here Saturday

BOOKS GALORE, FOR OLD AND YOUNG AT PRICES THAT FAIRLY COAX YOU TO TAKE THEM HOME.

STANDARD SETS

BEAUTIFUL XMAS GIFTS

THACKERAY
1/2 Leather Binding, 15 Vols.
Regular \$25.50
● Sale \$17.50

GIBBON'S ROMES
1/2 Leather Binding, 12 Vols.
Regular \$15.00
● Sale \$14.35

Special Sunday School Bibles
Regular \$1.00
● Sale 59c

Reference Bibles
1/2mp Covers, regular \$1.75
● Sale 99c

Spot Sale Specials

Here's a great collection of the very latest
Fiction, all by well-known authors—you
are sure to find what you need among them.

The Major by Ralph Connor
The Next of Kin by Nellie McClure
Kitchener and Other Poems by Robert J. C. Stead
The Dwelling Place of Light by Winston Churchill
The Path of Glory by Joseph Hocking
We Can't Have Everything by Robert Hughes
Where Your Treasure by Holman Day
Lord Tony's Wife by Florence Dorey
Changing Winds by Elvina
The Soul of a Bishop by H. G. Wells

Anna's House of Dreams by L. M. Montgomery
Marlie by Kathleen Norris
My Unknown Child by "Auntie" by Harold Bindes
The Secret Windows by Gibbs
Long Live the King by Mary Roberts Rieuwerts
The Delicate Object by Jeffrey Farrel
The Long Lane's Turning by Rives
The Good Girl by Vincent O'Sullivan
Under Sealed Orders by H. J. Wells

ALL GOING AT SALE PRICES

STANDARD SETS

Beautiful Christmas Gifts

WHITCOMB BIBLE
Blackman Binding, 6 Vols.
Regular \$15.00
● Sale \$11.75

SCOTT
Nelson Thin India paper edition,
24 Vols., Regular \$24.00
● Sale \$14.40

EVERYMAN'S LIBRARY

Cloth Binding, Regular 40c

● Sale 29c

Leather Binding, Regular 75c

● Sale 49c

Surprisingly Beautiful Showings of JUVENILE GIFT BOOKS

Unusually choice editions of fairy and folk lore books, charmingly illustrated. Values to \$7.50

At Sale Prices

Endless Variety of Books for Boys and Girls

Genuine boy's books and girl's book books; irresistibly priced from 25c up

Values up to \$1.50

All Sale Prices

Our Balcony is a Fairland

Picture and Story Books

For the Little Folks

Books of every size, color and subject; linen unseparable covers, lithographed, washable rag, board, paper—in fact such an endless variety that pen and paper cannot do justice to their beauty from 10c up.

Values up to \$25.00

All Sale Prices

Presentation Volumes

Edition De Luxe

Great Variety of Titles and bindings, exquisitely illustrated by such artists as Dulac, Arthur Rackham, Beaudou, Newell and others.

Values up to \$25.00

All Sale Prices

● Sale 69c **The Douglas Co., Limited**
10032 JASPER.

FOOD?

Mr. Ballantyne may be sincere, but most people will prefer accepting the word of such men as Lord

[illegible]

The applicant did not appear, and Mr. Justice Gauthier granted a writ of habeas corpus. The applicant claimed in his letter of appeal that he believed that war was in the air and that Canadian men should not take up arms.

In the case of Julius Rottio word had been received from the provincial registrar of Calgary, that the exemption of the Manitoba tribunal had been granted. The applicant was therefore transferred to Alberta, and as such

Allowed to Qualify

Fredrickson was granted exemption until April 1, 1970, to enable him to qualify as a druggist under the provisions of the pharmaceutical department's regulations.

Andrew Malcolm Kerr, 19267 103rd Ave., N.E., said he had been troubled by severe stomach trouble since 1958, which has prevented him from receiving further medical exam-

his original plea before the tribunal had been as a medical student. The applicant has four brothers and a father who are working on land. They have over two thousand acres with nearly a thousand under cultivation.

[illegible]

Forehead—Philip Sokoloff
Charged with Crime

others in the British army, was taken by the court as sufficient evidence that he was an employee of the D. E. Fraser Co. and lives at 1224 Madison St. The exemption was granted to Andrew Menzies no longer as he continues to be employed by the Fraser Co. and appeared to give evidence on his behalf. He stated that he had been teaching school until the beginning of the last summer holidays, when he was employed by the Fraser Co. as a real estate. During the summer and fall he had been working on the Fraser Co. and had been in the north of the province.

well working on the farm. There were ninety acres of crop on this half-section and they expected to have 160 next year.

Disallowed Appeal

The tribunal had granted partial ex-

27th street. That he was excused from combatant service as a conscientious objector was a question, however, did not sustain the appeal. Hager is a student at Alberta University and has been engaged as a clerk. He did not appear to press his claim, but a long letter was submitted by him to the court telling of his conscientious objections.

Had Several Reasons

He said he had several reasons for his objection to military service. He said he was a pacifist and did not believe in the use of force. He also said he was a Quaker and that his religion forbade him to take part in war.

**RESERVE MILITIA
AMBULANCE CORPS**

He was accepted for service in the Reserve Militia Ambulance Corps. He will be called up for training in the near future.

several reasons for exemption, which was granted until he ceases to be a farmer. He has a brother in France, and his father was invalided home after service in France. The applicant himself had tried to enlist in 1915, but had been refused.

At the afternoon session of the Appellate Court Friday, the court heard the appeal of the local truancy law from local farmers or would-be farmers. The interesting case came up in the form of a disfranchised German, claiming exemption on that account. Although the fact that he was a brother at the front gives him a vote, his German parents are German and he was disarmed. The applicant was Benjamin Buckholz, 11119 94th street.

Both Not Needed

employed by the Grand Trunk Pacific, but claimed exemption on the grounds that his earnings were being turned in to assist his father to pay off one of two mortgages on the latter's farm near Wabamun. Col. E. S. Richards, M.C. answered for the

applicant, stating that twelve acres on this farm were broken. There is another son eighteen years of age who lives with his parents. On the ground that both sons were not needed to conduct the operations on a twelve-acre farm the annual was

Laurence Hunter applied for exemption on the plea of having been a farmer all his life. The appeal was granted without any opposition. He has a homestead in the Pembina district, but during the past year has

THE OPTOMETRIST
9965 Jasper Avenue
 Hours 9 to 6, and by appointment.

This image shows a blank, aged, cream-colored page, likely an endpaper or flyleaf of a book. The paper has a slightly textured appearance with some faint smudges and discoloration, characteristic of old paper. The left edge of the page shows the binding of the book.

RACING
FOOTBALL
SHOOTING

VICS DEFEAT
DOMINION TEAM
IN FINE GAME

Winners Led in All Three and
Won Out by 1710 to
1626

The Vics and Dominion Cigar Store teams met last night on the Monarchs bowling alleys in the City Bowling League schedule. It was a fairly close game, the final scores being, Monarchs, 1710; Dominion, 1626. The Vics had the lead in all the games, although in the first they had just the advantage by one point.

The following is the score by games:

Game	Vics	Dom.
1. Vics vs. Dom.	248	209
2. Vics vs. Dom.	234	198
3. Vics vs. Dom.	234	198
4. Vics vs. Dom.	234	198
5. Vics vs. Dom.	234	198
6. Vics vs. Dom.	234	198
7. Vics vs. Dom.	234	198
8. Vics vs. Dom.	234	198
9. Vics vs. Dom.	234	198
10. Vics vs. Dom.	234	198
Total	2480	2090

ANNUAL BONSPIEL
TUESDAY, FEB. 5th.

The annual bonspiel of the Alberta Curling association will be held at Edmonton commencing Tuesday, Feb. 5, 1918. Special rates are being arranged on all railroads. Attractive prize lists will be issued later carrying with them entry forms and other information. "Keep this date open and come and 'Soop' or 'up' in Edmonton" is the admonition of John Rae, secretary-treasurer of the association, to all good curlers.

WOLF BEATS KABLE
CLEVELAND, Ohio, Dec. 7.—Jack Wolf, of Cleveland, outboxed Johnny Kable, of St. Paul, in the ten-round main bout of a patriotic boxing show here tonight. The men are bantamweights.

SOUTH SIDE COVERED RINK
Skating
BAND IN ATTENDANCE

AIN'T IT A GRAND AND GLORIOUS FEELIN'?



White Became
A Hero in a Day

Most football players achieve fame by degrees, but now and then some fellow bolts up, unexpectedly and grabs of great glory in a single game. Such a chap was Sam White, of Princeton, and the story of his feat is worth retelling. It was at Yale that Sam White made himself immortal. Sam had been a great basketball player, but the gridiron didn't interest him, and it was not until 1911, when he was a senior, that he was induced to try his hand at it, or, rather, his feet.



The One Gift the Whole
Family Will Enjoy

THERE is no other Christmas gift that the whole family can so thoroughly enjoy as a motor car—especially if it is a Ford, because the Ford is so simple and so easily operated that mother can run it as well as father, sister as well as brother, and there is always room for the kiddies.

The Ford Sedan is your most appropriate family Christmas gift. It is a luxurious winter car, affording complete protection against rain, snow and wind. It is a cool summer car, too. Its handsome appearance makes it a great favorite with the ladies for shopping, theatre and calling use. Speak for your Ford now and we can arrange for delivery on Christmas morning.

EDMONTON URBAN DEALERS
—THE—
FREEMAN Co. Ltd.
10710 99th Street.
LINE-BRAKE Ltd.
10077 102nd Street.



Sporting Facts and Fancies

There's talk of opening the baseball training camps right near the home grounds in order to save money. Are they going to charge any admission to watch the troupers?

On the other hand, there are already nearly one hundred major league players who have been exempted from service in the National arm.

Anniversary of the First Bout for Title Between a White Man and a Negro

On Dec. 8, 1810, just 107 years ago today, England was the scene of the first championship battle ever staged between a white man and a negro. Thomas Molineaux, a Virginia slavey, was the representative of the African race, and his opponent was Tom Cribb, then heavyweight champion of England. At that time Cribb reigned supreme, with no white man in sight to give him battle, so he accepted the challenge of the dusky fighter. Sporting England was tremendously excited for a victory for Molineaux would not only mean that the blackster would triumph over the white, but that the heavyweight title would cross the ocean and take up its abode in the infant Yankee republic. A cold and driving rain was falling when the men faced each other in the open-air ring, but it did not dampen the spirits of the fighters, nor of the thousands of excited spectators. The champion had the advantage in height, but the negro was knocked down, and the negro became the aggressor. Cribb came back strong, and the early rounds fully justified the confidence of the Englishmen in their native son. The referee was often knocked down, but he refused to stop the fight. In the ninth round the negro was knocked down, and the referee was again knocked down. In the twenty-fifth round Molineaux was a free to one favorite, with no more, and the boys of England seemed doomed to continue defeat. In the twenty-eighth Cribb was knocked down and apparently out. The referee's applause was premature, for a fight ensued between seconds and when the fight was over, the referee was again knocked down. Exhausted by cold and exposure, the negro was unable to continue, and in the thirty-second round he gave up the struggle. Although deprived of the fruits of victory, Molineaux has shown himself the better man, for in later battles he was unable to capture the title.

Gane-Langford Battle

Sam Langford defeated Joe Gane in fifteen rounds at Boston, on Dec. 8, 1902, just fourteen years ago today. Although Gane was then a veteran, and had whipped Frank Egan in the lightest title fight of the year, only in the previous year, he was outclassed by the Nova Scotia champion. Gane was of about the same height, and it was a lucky thing for Gane and other lightweights that he was not taller. The fight was on the weight, so that he ended up in the heavyweight division. Within five minutes after the fight was over, Gane was lying motionless, and Langford was the only man who ever defeated Gane when the latter was in his prime. Gane was a Canadian, and he was a member of the Order of the Master, that Bellinghame took his laurels away from him.

Twist in Pugilistic Annals

1825—Joe Goddard knocked out Peter Martin in the third round at Coney Island.

1917—John Goebel knocked out Kid Herrick in the seventh round at Butte, Mont.

1918—John Coulton knocked out Bob Prosser in the second round at Chicago.

1919—Jim Driscoll knocked out Charley Griffin in the eleventh round at Boston.

1920—Twist Wagner outpointed Pat McGovern in six rounds at New York.

Light System to Tell When Goals
Are Scored in Professional League

President Frank Calder has announced that a new light system for use in the National Hockey League, through which spectators will be able to tell when a goal has been scored, will be left in no doubt as to when a goal has been scored.

Under the new system, the end of each goal-judgment in every game will be visible to those on the circuit, will be equipped with a portable incandescent light, connected by a cable to the goal.

When a goal has been scored, the light will be turned on, and the goal-judgment will be visible to those on the circuit, will be equipped with a portable incandescent light, connected by a cable to the goal.

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Give Me Right Handers, Says
McGraw, And I Could Whip Any
Two American League Clubs

Bids for Matty's Staff of Naturally Equipped Players to Commingle With His Own Southpaws—The Giants Clearly Need Pitching Help—Wherefore McGraw a Envious Glances at His Rival's Bench

"If I could have Matty's staff of right-handers with my own set of left-handers," sighed John McGraw a few days ago, "I could whip any two American League ball clubs put together."

And he doubtless could. The Reds have the best set of right-handers in the business, and McGraw surely had the finest gang of southpaws. Notice the words "have" and "could." They count for something. Next spring Matty should have even a pair of right-hand pitchers—and McGraw's left-handers may disintegrate completely.

Giants Need Them

If any team in either circuit needs pitching help, it's the Giants. Champions though they were winners by an enormous margin, losers in the big league series, they have been outclassed by the Yankees in the series. They are in a bad way for pitchers, and they need more of them. The right-handers under way, McGraw built his team to take this year's season, and he didn't build for 1918, and unless the signs fail, he will have a awful time repeating for the simple reason that his pitchers don't look fit to stand the strain of another season.

Both the right-handers, and the southpaws of the New York club need a lot of reinforcing—where can John J. get the reinforcements?

Deal on Kears

Sam Salter, well on in pitching years, but still a good pitcher, was an urgent plea by August Herman, chairman of the National commission, to reconsider his views on the question of a point meeting of the two major leagues in Chicago, next Thursday.

President J. K. Tener of the National league, tonight agreed to such a joint meeting with the American league this season. The club is growing fat, within the next ten days.

**JOINT MEETING
MAJOR LEAGUES**

President Tener Yields to Urgent Plea by Chairman of the National Commission

NEW YORK, Dec. 7.—In answer to an urgent plea by August Herman, chairman of the National commission, to reconsider his views on the question of a point meeting of the two major leagues in Chicago, next Thursday, President J. K. Tener of the National league, tonight agreed to such a joint meeting with the American league this season. The club is growing fat, within the next ten days.

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Deal on Kears

WHAT PRESS AGENTS SAY

EMPRESS WITH NEW BOOKING SCHEME BRINGING NOTABLE ATTRACTIONS FOR PATRONS

"The Auction Block," Next Week—Hugo's "Les Miserables," a Photodramatic Masterpiece—"The Cinderella Man" for Christmas—"The Fall of the Romanoffs" for New Year.



Star of "A Daughter of the Gods" at the Empire theatre all next week.

Star of "A Daughter of the Gods" at the Empire theatre all next week.

"LORDS & BELLOWS"
 PRESENTS
CONSTANCE TALMADGE
 IN
 "THE SIGN OF THE CROSS"

742.2

Showing at the Monarch next Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday.

WATER QUEEN **TWO FEMININE**

ed Wife," with Ruth Roland,"

ed Wife," with Ruth Roland." There is a decided thrill in the fifth episode of Pathe's big serial "The Neglected Wife," in which Ruth Roland is starring at the Majestic theatre Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday. Here is brief the story:

PRINCESS

pull him that Doyle is defrauding the poor. Refusing the demands of Kennedy, Doyle attempts to kill Kennedy, but with Norwood's assistance, Doyle is overpowered. He is arrested, threatening Kennedy, and warns

Kennedy receives this anonymous note, "Your friendship continues with a certain young woman. This is the last warning."

Kennedy phones Mary that he will

him that he will be in jail. Kennedy receives this anonymous note from [his] wife continues with a certain young woman. This is the "Stranger."

Kennedy's phones Mary. This he will not be home, owing to the necessity of a conference with the attorney. The client, "discovering" suspicious Mary telephones to follow her husband and find out what the client is. Failing, she returns home.

and preclusion characteristic of all that he does.

Mr. Davidson, who plays "The Stranger" was seen in the support of "The Stranger" in "The Child of Destiny," and also in "The Diplomatic Service," with Francis X. Sullivan, in "The Stranger" and in other Metro productions of note.

Mr. Hitchcock is well known to the strategical and dramatic circles, and leading roles with Nat Goodwin,

Margaret is informed by Kennedy that Newwood wants to meet her, so she calls at the magazine office. Newwood about to take the train for Riverside asks Margaret to go with him as he wishes to speak to her about his new picture, "The Blue Bird."

and Ethel Dayton, who until recently was known as Ethel Corcoran, was formerly with the Vitaphone, where for four years under the direction of George D. Baker, who also directed

faints. Margaret on her way to the "The White Haven," she played in- stairs is struck by a falling beam. genius roles and leads.

faints. Margaret in her way to the stairs is struck by a falling beam.

[illegible]

TORONTO, Dec. 7.—Two Austrians were arrested last night near the scene of a shooting which took place at the home of a well-known actor, and being unable to give a satisfactory account of themselves, were arrested.

The two men, who were taken to the morning on a nominal charge of vagrancy, had been in Canada for some time, registered and had always reported at regular intervals. The charge of vagrancy was dropped after they had been interviewed by the police. The two men, who are now being held in custody, are being held in custody.

"This," coming in the New Year, is a Golden production with none of the usual grossness of the genre.

MONARCH

LAST TIME TODAY

CLARA KIMBALL *in* **MAGDA**

YOUNG Also Other Attractions

MONDAY TUESDAY WEDNESDAY

FEATURING

T CONSTANCE

SCANDAL

One of the Strongest Roles
Ever Brought to the screen is
Portrayed by This Young
Actress in Her First Star
Picture

—ALSO—

Fourth Installment of the Paramount Mystery Serial

Fourth installment of the Paramount mystery series.

WHO IS NUMBER ONE?

THURSDAY FRIDAY SATURDAY

GERALDINE
FARRAR

BIGGER AND BETTER
THAN "JOAN THE
WOMAN"

IT SUPPORTED BY

REPORTED BY
WALLACE REID

—IN—

THE MOST
THRILLING
PHOTOPLAY
SPECTACLE OF
THE YEAR

**'THE WOMAN
GOD FORGOT'**

An Income For Life--Our Free Christmas Gift

YOU WILL BE WELL ADVISED TO
WATCH THE

SPOT SALE

AT THE DOUGLAS STORE,
AND DO YOUR CHRISTMAS SHOPPING HERE.
Christmas Gifts in Great Variety--Books, Calendars,
Stationery, Burnt Leather Goods, French Ivory,
Christmas and New Year's Cards, Etc., Etc., Etc.

The Douglas Co. Ltd.

10032 Jasper.

Save our receipts, and cast your estimates for the \$2,250
Free Bungalow.

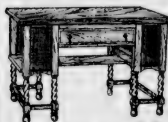
HAVE YOUR CLOTHES "MADE FOR YOU--NOT MERELY
SOLD TO YOU."

LA FLECHE BROS.

Western Canada's Greatest Custom Tailoring House



Living Room and Library Tables



It is just a matter of choosing
the one you like, we have
so many that size and shape
need not worry you.

Prices \$7.50
to \$27.00

Graham & Reid

Home Furnishers.

(Next Selkirk Hotel)

Bracelet Watches

—A Timepiece, as well as an ornament for the wrist.
Gold Gold... \$20.00 to \$100.00
Gold Filled... \$15.00 to \$25.00
Silver with leather straps \$10.00
Gold Filled with straps \$14.00
to \$20.00... \$18.00

ASH BROTHERS

Jewelers. Diamond Merchants. C.P.R. Watch Inspectors.
Issuers of Marriage Licenses.

EVER-READY DAYLO

Get Your Flashlight Where You Get the Best Service.

Fresh
Stock



Big
Variety

Burnham-Frith Co., Ltd.

10170 100th St., Edmonton, Phone 6135

A Free Raffle to the Winner on a Purchase From Us.

Alberta Coal Has Value In Every Ounce

Don't be caught short of coal! Let us fill your cellar
for you.
Remember, our receipt is worth one estimate for every
dollar you pay.

Use your phone and let us have your order.

PHONE 6355

The Great Northern Coal

Co., Ltd.
EDMONTON



Free Title to this \$2,250 Bungalow will be the Christmas Gift to one of our readers.
It Will Not Cost the Winner a Cent - Read How To Get It

ON December 24th a FREE Gift will be made of the clear title deeds to this beautiful five-room bungalow, located at 12610 100th Ave., City, to some patron of the stores advertising on these Special Pages.
The conditions are very simple--Buy your goods from the stores whose advertisements appear on these two special pages--save your bills, and for every \$1.00 spent you will be entitled to one guess on the number of grains of seed wheat in the container we will place in full view in the front window of The Bulletin Office--On Dec. 24th a committee of Judges, who will be named later, will make a public count of the number of grains of seed wheat in the container and the person guessing the correct number, or the one whose guess is nearest correct, will be awarded this beautiful bungalow without payment of one cent of money. These therefore are the ONLY conditions: FIRST: Patronize the stores advertising on these pages; SECOND: Bring your bills to The Bulletin Office and register your guess on the number of grains of seed wheat in the container.

THE PRIZE WILL IN NO EVENT BE AWARDED TO AN EMPLOYEE OR DEPENDENT OF EMPLOYEE OF THE BULLETIN CO. LTD.

The name Humberstone has, since the time Edmonton was Fort
Edmonton, stood for high grade coal. It occupies the same position
among goals that No. 1 Northern does in the wheat market.

HUMBERSTONE QUALITY IS UNCHALLENGED
HUMBERSTONE SERVICE IS UNMATCHED

Prices consistent with quality and service. Remember, you get
full value in fuel for every dollar you spend and an opportunity to
win the \$2,250 bungalow.

Humberstone Coal Co.

Phones 2248, 1492, 2358 : 9981 Jasper Ave.

It is not too early to think of
that Christmas present for your
wife--what about

A HOOSIER CABINET

Sold on easy payments, and we
will deliver when you require.

HOOSIER STORE

E. A. Wood.

10024 101A Ave.

A chance to win the \$2,250 prize
bungalow with every dollar payment.

PURE MILK
CREAM
BUTTER & CHEESE
FROM THE

WOODLAND DAIRY

Every dollar's worth of milk shakers
means a chance of winning the \$2,250
Free Bungalow.

Are YOU a Sufferer
From
Rheumatism
Or Its Kindred Ills?
If So, Try This.



People who have used R & S
POWDER say that it is the most
powerful and effective herbal
remedy for rheumatism and
stomach trouble.

We are only in receipt of letters
from sufferers from rheumatism
who are grateful for the relief
they have had, and we have
on our file hundreds of testimonials.

We can obtain it at Riverton
Wholesale Ltd., Edmonton.

Redeem the R & S trade
marks on boxes for guesses on
the \$2,250 bungalow.

Low-Priced Farms

We have some good farms at low
prices. If you are thinking of buying,
come in and see us. It will pay
you to do so. The following list
will give you an idea.

Quarter section, 80 acres from
Crested. So close to city that you
can reach in 10 minutes. Good soil,
house, stable, garage, chicken house
and big trees. All in good order. \$10
per acre; easy terms.

Quarter section, south of West
Edmonton. This can be had at \$2.
per acre, with small cash payment and
easy terms for balance. This is certainly
a good purchase.

Quarter section, south of Riverton.
Good soil, fair buildings,
building. This is worth more than
you can see. Buy it for \$2,000.
Easy terms for balance. \$2,000.
\$2,000. \$2,000. \$2,000.

Whyte & Co. Ltd.

HOUSE SPECIALISTS,
111 Brown Building,
Phone 1316.

FOR PAINTS and WALLPAPERS

GO TO
JAMIESON'S

AGENCY . .

10628 Jasper

You get full value in goods for
every dollar you spend and an opportunity
of becoming the owner of the
\$2,250 FREE BUNGALOW.

Phone 1516

ARE YOU LUCKY?

IT WAS OUR CUSTOMER WHO WON THE BIG PRIZE
LAST YEAR

IT COSTS NO MORE TO BUY

KING COAL

With Mahar Coal Co. Service.

PHONE 1066

Or call and see us at our New
office in the Rossum Building.

MAHAR COAL CO'Y.

Edmonton's Leading Coal Merchants
Office: Rossum Bldg., Jasper and 103rd St. Phone 6415.
Yards: 104th Street and 104th Avenue

This is overcoat weather. We are here with the
goods you require. Our men's wear in every line is
the best we can buy, and our prices are right. So you
are protected. Your money back for any reason.

We give \$50 worth of merchandise to our customer
who guesses the correct or nearest correct
number in the Bulletin contest.

ESSERY & CO.

THE MEN'S STORE

10073 Jasper Avenue.

Phone 5495

Announcement!

We wish to announce the arrival of a large stock of Congoleum
Rugs, Carpets, Linoleum, Windsor Shades, etc.
This stock was purchased at the old prices, and you need
only inspect our well assorted lines to satisfy yourself.
Give us a call; it will pay you.

Hutton Furniture & Upholstering Company

Phone 1306.

10820 Jasper Ave.

We Do Upholstering, Carpet Cleaning, Furniture Packing and Repairs.

THE SEASON'S LATEST FASHIONS IN

FUR NECESSITIES

Our stock contains many charming designs in Furs and Fur
Costs, in styles that will dominate this coming season. We
would advise an early selection before the cold weather.

WE ALSO SPECIALIZE IN

Furs Made to Order and Furs Remodeled
By Well Experienced Workmen.

Alexander - Hilpert Fur Co. Ltd.

10827 Jasper Ave., between 108th St. and 109th St. Scott Bldg.

Phone 4094

Every dollar spent here gives you a chance to win this beautiful
Free Home

CAMPBELL'S BREAD

Is "The Grub that makes the
Butter Fly."

The Kiddies enjoy it--No health-
ier food made. On sale by all
live grocers.

Phone 1444.

CHAS. W. CAMPBELL

The Better Bread Maker

Corner of 100th Street and 107th Avenue

Every \$1.00 worth of Bread Tickets gives you a chance to
own the \$2,250 Bungalow.

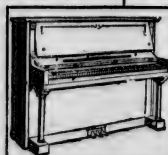
IT IS NOT TOO EARLY TO FIGURE ON THAT
CHRISTMAS GIFT.

WHY NOT PUT A

MASTER'S PIANO

IN YOUR HOME

AND SO HAVE A GIFT THAT
WILL GIVE PLEASURE TO
THE WHOLE FAMILY--YOU
COULD NOT GIVE ANYTHING
THAT WOULD BE MORE APPRECIATED.



The Masters Piano Co.

10524 Jasper.

An Income for Life--Our Free Christmas Gift

FUR SALE

Friday and Saturday

All High Grade Furs

Beautifully Lined.
Rich Hudson Seal Coats:
Regular \$175.00 values, for \$125.00
Regular \$250.00 values, for \$175.00
Regular \$350.00 values, for \$250.00
Beaver Coat--rich broadline. Regular \$250.00 value, for \$175.00
Hut Coat. Regular \$115.00 value, for \$85.00
Fur Suit--Black Fox. Regular \$15.00 value, for \$10.00
Red Fox Suit. Regular \$35.00 value, for \$25.00
Triple Wolf Skin. Regular \$15.00 value, for \$10.00
ODD MUFFS--ALSO AT HALF PRICES.

REMEMBER YOUR QUEENIES ON HOUSE AND LOT HOLD GOOD ON EACH TRICK.

Forbes-Taylor Ltd.

10614-18 Jasper W.

To Specially Favored Men

Men who have every guarantee they will live another 25 or 30 or 40 years--I have no special message. But to you, sir, who reads this--

HOW ABOUT SOME BENT INSURANCE?

Please see about it.

W. W. HUTTON--THE SUN LIFE MAN
Phone 5179 and 5180

Home Electric Light & Power Co.

GENERAL AGENTS FOR
DELCO LIGHT PRODUCTS

Send us a Copy of Your Plans and Let us Estimate on Your Wiring Job.
Ask for Illustrated catalogue of
DELCO LIGHT

ELECTRICITY FOR EVERYONE, EVERYWHERE.
10625 Jasper Ave., Edmonton, Alta.

DON'T Let the Cold Weather Catch You Unprepared

Be in time and purchase one of our splendid, cozy, warm overcoats.
The selection now is large. Select your own style, and leave the rest to us.

BE A TAILORED MAN. The price is very little higher than the ready-made product, and you get absolute satisfaction.

Full Suitings in Great Variety, at Right Prices, and A HOUSE FOR NOTHING, AT

Robinson Tailoring Co.

Floral Gifts for Christmas

See Our Beautiful Display of Plants.
FERNS, CYCLAMEN, PRIMULAS,
BEGONIAS--FANES, BASKETS,
JARDINIERS, and Other Novelties.

MAKE YOUR SELECTION NOW.
We Will Give Them Every Care Until
Needed Without Further Expense.

Walter Ramsay, Ltd.

10211 Avenue.
JEWELLERS.



OUR SPECIAL Ladies Wrist Watch

This is a 16 Jewel guaranteed watch in fine quality gold filled case, with gold filled bracelet \$13.75

D. A. KIRKLAND
THE QUALITY JEWELLER.

Men's Overcoats \$13.95 and \$15.95

Sizes 36 to 44. Gray and brown tweeds, in smart fitting models, with high storm collars.

Get Your Guess on the \$2,250.00 House.

MARTIN'S THE CORNER

97th Street, at Jasper Avenue--Phone 2031.

BULLETIN

THE above is a cut of the container which has been placed in full view in the windows of The Bulletin office. The letters forming the word "BULLETIN" are made of metal, open faced and covered with glass--they are approximately 6 1/2 inches long, 1 inch wide and 1 1/2 inches deep, and are filled with Northern Alberta wheat.
One estimate is allowed with every dollar purchase from any of the merchants advertising on these pages. Bring your receipt to The Bulletin office and receive your ballots.

FURNITURE! The Ideal Christmas Gift

In these strenuous days, when the gospel of saving, is being preached--Make your Christmas giving of a practical nature.

IN NO STORE WILL YOU FIND SO MANY PRACTICAL GIFTS

Here You Will Find Gifts Suitable For Every Member of the Family

For Mother or Father, a nice selection of arm chairs, rockers, desks, bookcases, comfortable furniture for den, living room or drawing room, and many odd pieces, which are quite inexpensive.

For the Children an Endless Variety of Practical Toys
Such as sleighs and coasters, velocipedes, autos, express wagons, toy sets (consisting of table and 2 chairs), shoofly rockers and rocking horses. See our wonderful Christmas stock.

BLOWEY-HENRY CO.

THE IDEAL GIFT STORE

ROSSUM'S

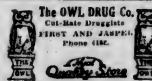
The Home of
Home Made Candies

For Suggestions
IN

Xmas Candies

Complete Lines of Canada's Finest Chocolates in dainty gift packages for Christmas.

ROSSUM'S
Corner Jasper and 2nd St.



THE OWL DRUG CO.
Cough Cure
First and Jasper
Phone 418.

LADIES' PILLSMAN AFFRON.
A rubber-lined AFFRON, in many desirable shades, complete with rubber-lined pockets. For this journey's \$1

any special toilet case with rubber-lined pockets. For this journey's \$1

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THE MAJESTY

Across from Hudson's Bay Hotel.

THE Coziest Theatre in the City, showing the finest productions from Hollywood.

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Warm and Comfortable

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YOU MAY WIN THE HOUSE AND LOT, IN ANY EVENT YOU KNOW YOU ARE USING THE BEST COAL YOU CAN BUY.

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HOBBERLIN'S New Fabrics of unimpeachable quality, are tailored in smart, exclusive styles for men who desire distinctive dress without being faddish.

Hobberlin Clothes are individually cut by master cutters and tailored with care.

The result is, clothes with a personality, and of recognized superiority.

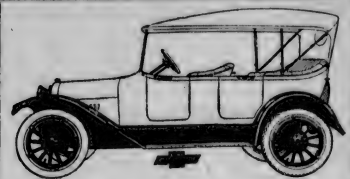
Suit and Overcoat Values
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Remember: You Get a Chance to Win the \$2,500 Free Bungalow With Every Dollar You Spend Here.

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Power enough, and to spare, together with being moderately priced! has made the CHEVROLET the most popular car in Canada today.

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CASSEROLES, 8 inch. Regular \$3.00. Special \$1.75

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Straight Service Talk

Unavoidable effects have been caused by current market conditions. The price of wheat is high, and the cost of living is high. The price of wheat is high, and the cost of living is high. The price of wheat is high, and the cost of living is high.

MacCosham Storage & Distributing Co., Ltd.

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Nature's Panorama along the Mississippi

CHICAGO MILWAUKEE & ST. PAUL RAILWAY

SEVEN TRAINS DAILY TWIN CITIES CHICAGO

Go East for the Holidays

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See the mighty Mississippi from the Minnesota shore—the navigated and admittedly the most picturesque side of the river—and the famous "Delta" and the beautiful lake country of Wisconsin—all to be enjoyed in supreme comfort on one of the seven daily trains of the "Milwaukee" between the Twin Cities and Chicago. Be sure to ask the ticket agent to route you over the "Pioneer Line"—the "MILWAUKEE"

Sunday and service folder free on request.

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EXCURSIONS TO EASTERN CANADA

Daily Dec 1 to 31.

Good to return any time within three months.

Through Tourist Cars, new, with all the latest improvements, from EDMONTON TO TORONTO.

DAILY TRAINS BETWEEN EDMONTON AND TORONTO

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Excursions to United States Points

MINNEAPOLIS, ST. PAUL, MILWAUKEE, CHICAGO, DES MOINES, KANSAS CITY & OTHER POINTS IN CANADIAN STATES

DAILY, December 1 to 31

Good for Return Any Time Within Three Months

PACIFIC COAST EXCURSIONS

TO VANCOUVER, VICTORIA AND NEW WESTMINSTER

\$38.15 Return from Edmonton

Summer Time on the Coast

Fares Greatly Reduced

Visit the ALBERTA WINTER FAIR

AT CALGARY

December 15 to 18, 1917.

SINGLE FARE for the round trip, from all places in Alberta.

Going Dates, Dec 10-13. Return Limit, Dec 17, 1917.

Use Bulletin Want Ads—They Bring Results

Laurier Manifesto in a Nutshell

A general well-considered reform of the Canadian government is the first and foremost duty of the Canadian people. The government is the servant of the people, and the people are the masters. The government is the servant of the people, and the people are the masters. The government is the servant of the people, and the people are the masters.

RELIEF TRAIN IS DELAYED BY WRECK

Waterloo, Ontario, Dec. 7.—The relief train to the United States, which was delayed by a wreck at Waterloo, Ontario, is now en route to the United States.

WHITE STAR-DOMINION AMERICAN LINE

NEW YORK-LIVERPOOL

WHITE STAR LINE

NEW YORK-LIVERPOOL

CARLSBAD IS NO MORE

COME TO HARRISON HOT SPRINGS

You'll find here a paradise for your winter life of dried roses—especially your rheumatic ones.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

Visit the ALBERTA WINTER FAIR

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THE WINNIPEG LIMITED

Between Winnipeg—St. Paul and Minneapolis. The pre-eminent train. Equipment of the finest. Electric lighted throughout. Compartment-observation car, built for comfort, sleep, power.

The Men That The Kaiser Would Vote For

The New Berlin government has adopted as one of its election slogans, the resolution: "How would the Kaiser vote?"

1.—For the government which represents, and is ruled by the Junker element of the Prussian aristocracy, the barons of high protection, and the manufacturers of great wealth.

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THE OLD RELIABLE CONRAD LINE

Established 1862

Regular Passenger Service Between New York, Montreal, Liverpool, London, Bristol

OUR MONEY ORDER DEPARTMENT

Guarantees prompt, reliable service for remittance of money to England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales. Money Order issued at 100% value.

For information, apply CONRAD LINE, 400 Grand Ave., Winnipeg.

PACIFIC COAST WINTER EXCURSIONS TO VANCOUVER & VICTORIA

Tickets on sale—December 2nd to 8th, inclusive, also Certain Dates in January and February, 1918

FINAL RETURN LIMIT APRIL 30th, 1918

\$40—Return Fare—\$40

MEALS AND BIRTH ON STEAMERS INCLUDED IN PRICE OF TICKET

Ask for folder giving all particulars or apply to

J. F. PHILP

CITY PASSENGER AGENT, 153 JASPER AVE. EAST, PHONE 4007

December Excursions TO Eastern Canada

And to CENTRAL UNITED STATES

TICKETS ARE ON SALE—NOW

LOW RETURN FARES. THREE MONTHS LIMIT. CHOICE OF ROUTES. STANDARD AND TOURIST SLEEPING CARS DAILY TO WINNIPEG

Through tourist Sleeping Cars via All-Canadian route to Toronto to

Excursion folder gives all particulars. Ask for it, or apply to

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CITY PASSENGER AGENT, 153 JASPER AVE. EAST, PHONE 4007

EXCURSIONS TO EASTERN CANADA

From Edmonton to

Toronto	70.10	Montreal	75.10
Hamilton	70.10	Ottawa	75.10
Bellefleur	75.10	Quebec	80.00

Proportionate fares from points in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta to points in Eastern Canada on sale December 1 to 31, 1917.

Return Limit Three Months

There is more pleasure, comfort and more to see when you go via Minneapolis, St. Paul and Duluth and the superb route of the

NORTH WESTERN LINE

Through Milwaukee—along the Shore of Lake Michigan—or Through the Great Lakes Region and Madison

To Chicago

From MINNEAPOLIS and ST. PAUL
Two Morning Trains to Chicago
Three Evening Trains to Chicago
From DULUTH
Two Daily Trains to Chicago

Special Excursion Fare Folders and Time Tables upon request

Ticket Office:
533 Main Street, Winnipeg
A. B. WITTEBACH, General Agent

Battle of the Ridges--War Relics in Flanders



A brief spell during the bombardment of Zonnebeke.

—Photo by Courtesy of C.P.H.

Welsh troops who behaved magnificently at the storming of Zonnebeke, drawing bombs before the attack.

—Photo by Courtesy of C.P.H.



Two men of the Coldstream Guards having a drink from a forward water supply.

—Photo by Courtesy of C.P.H.



A view of destroyed cathedral in Ypres.

—Photo by Courtesy of C.P.H.



Near Rucal—Digging out a German gun that was smashed by the fire of one of our own pieces of artillery.

—Photo by Courtesy of C.P.H.

BOLSHEVIKI LEADERS WHO

ARE RUINING RUSSIA



Foreign Minister Trotsky



President Lenin

FIGURES IN SENSATIONAL MURDER CASE



John L. de Saules, prominent Brazilian, who was killed by his former wife (inset), now on trial for murder. She is alleged to have taken his life because he refused to give her the custody of their son, also shown in the picture.

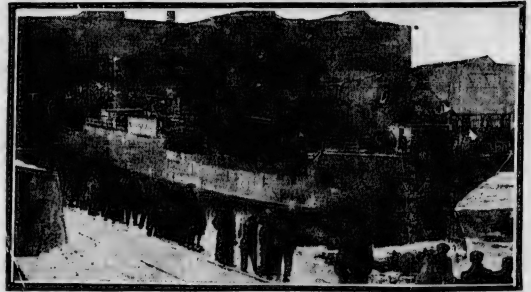
THE "MIRACLE MAN" BACK

TO THE "COWS AND CHICKENS"



George Stallings and his prize cattle.

HUGE STEEL LINER TAKES TO THE WATER



Launching of the biggest steel freighter in Canada at the works of the Canadian Vickers Limited in Montreal, a few days ago.

High Honors for Great Service

LORD READING



Lord Northcliffe, who has been made a viscount.



Imperial diplomat who has been created an earl.

CANADIAN SOCCER PLAYERS IN FRANCE



The group composes the football team of the 5th Canadian Field Ambulance in France. This team recently defeated a crack Old Country team by a score of 1-0, the first time that the latter have been vanquished by Canadians.

The Bulletin Magazine

EDMONTON, ALBERTA, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1917.



Store
Closes at
5.30,
Saturday
6 o'clock



JAMES RAMSEY
LIMITED

The Store of the Christmas Spirit

Phone
Private
Exchange
9311

Warm Felt Slippers for Gifts

Women's Felt Juliette Slippers



Our "Juliette" as illustrated, comes in colors of Black, with pom pom or small felt bow in front; has flexible hand-turned leather sole and medium leather heels. Makes an ideal gift. Sizes 3 to 7. Specially priced **\$1.75**

Women's Boudoir Slippers

WOMEN'S BOUDOIR SLIPPERS, in all the best colors. Pale or dark blue, pink, chocolate, black, etc. Made of fine kid stock with neat pom-pom on vamp; cushion padded insoles and soft elk soles, and padded or rubber heels. Sizes 3 to 7. Special **\$1.95 and \$2.25**

They make most useful and practical Xmas gifts. The colder weather makes these cozy shoes doubly welcome. Choose from our complete stocks for men, women and children. The values are unrivalled.

Men's Leather Slippers

IN THE ROMEO OR EVERETT STYLE. When choosing your gifts see us for men's slippers. We have a very large assortment. Men's leather Everetts, in dark tan leather or chocolate kid, with flexible sewn or hand-turned soles, and low heels. Very comfortable fitting. Sizes 6 to 11. At.....

\$1.95 to \$3.50

Men's Soft Kid Romeos

In black or chocolate leather, with flexible hand-turned sewn soles, and low heels. Made over a good broad fitting last; very comfortable. Sizes 6 to 11. At.....

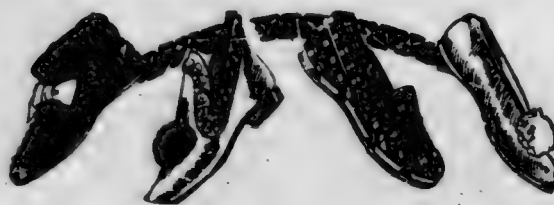
\$2.50 to \$3.50

Men's Plaid Slippers



As illustrated—comes in good quality wool felt, neat plaid and check patterns, has warm fawn color wool lining, thick felt outside and leather top sole. Sizes 6 to 11. **95c**

Special value Also better quality with thick felt soles and leather top soles or hand-turned leather soles with warm wool felt insole. Prices..... **\$1.25 to \$2.25**



Children's Boudoir Slippers

CHILDREN'S BOUDOIR SLIPPERS, made of selected stock in tan kid; have ankle strap and neat pom-pom on front; cushion padded insoles and soft elk outsoles. Sizes 11 to 2, **\$1.75**; sizes 6 to 10, at **\$1.25**

Women's Felt Shoes

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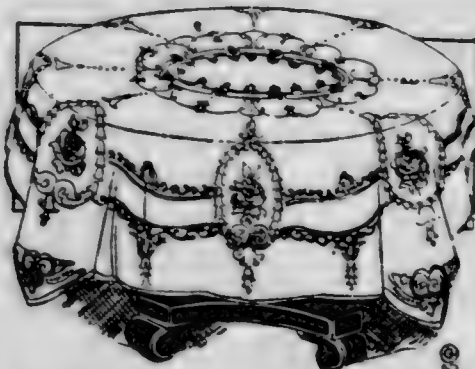
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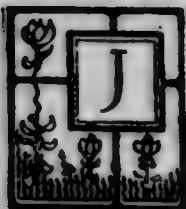
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THE SPIRIT OF AN ARTIST

By Emily Calvin Blake

AUTHOR OF "SUZANNA STIRS THE FIRE," "MILITANTS IN MARRIAGE,"
"STORY OF A MODERN MARRIAGE," ETC.

Illustrated by J. Allen St. John



JOYCE FARMING-

TON didn't go down under the anguish of learning that her husband had just about a year yet to live, even though the blow came but a few months after the death of her little child. She found strength before untired to sustain her.

She was just 23, and she had married at 20. In eight short years then she had touched much of life. She was not of the stuff of the whiner. She had the creator's ability to transmute all experience into drama. She was unegotistically interested in her own reactions, and so, broadly speaking, sensed the reactions of all humanity.

From a very small child she had tried to express herself in writing, hewing out her own forms, going through all the labor pangs of the artist. She knew the big moments when she felt herself a god; the fearful discouragements when she lost her confidence and sadly put away pen and paper till the urge was on her again.

Dire necessity after the doctor's verdict made it imperative that she try to sell some of her stories; dire necessity, since three years of illness and expensive nurses and physicians will eat into almost any income. So with her husband's help (he had the critical faculty fairly well developed) she put into form some of her fugitive visions.

As they worked together she refused to meet her husband's somber eyes, fearing he might read her thought that since in a short time she must be thrown out on the world, here was a way she might live. For his old mother he had some years before taken out an insurance policy; Joyce refused to let him give any more of his strength to making her a beneficiary after his death.

Before Dick's death she had sold half a dozen of her stories. They were fresh, they had understanding, they were exquisitely simple. She accepted fundamentals; her mental processes were uncomplex. She had lived her life simply, yet with that true vision that put her in the class of at least the highly talented.

There came days as she and her husband worked together that they thought the doctors must be mistaken in their edict; that life and love could be immortal, despite the slow breaking down of the physical. And on one of these burnished days there came a letter to Joyce. It was from a reviewer on the magazine that had accepted and published most of her stories. It read:

Dear Mrs. Farmington: Just a line to tell you how much I liked your story, "A Word in Passing." You should be proud of your ability to do such things. It shows such a firm hand, such a noble sense of revolt, perhaps against environment, and as we know only he who revolts can do lasting work. . . . "The Reverte" I don't like. It's full of traditional sentiment. Do more of the other kind of story. WILSON CRITTENDEN.

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JOYCE was uplifted, but she mused: "Strange he should like 'A Word in Passing' so well. And revolt! What does he mean?"

Dick, very clever, far seeing, smiled. "I think the story's modern trend pleased Mr. Crittenden."

"But the strange thing is," said Joyce, "I wrote it out of a spirit of humor."

"Who's Wilson Crittenden?" asked Dick.

"He's the one who writes those strong reviews for Bentley's. And to think he should have noticed my stories!"

"Why not?" Dick asked, half indig-

nantly. "You've got the touch, Joyce. You've sympathy and sincerity and understanding. Some day you'll do something worth while."

Her eyes met his half blindly. Some day! And he would not be there to rejoice with her. Some day he would be away from her. For the moment she felt as though death itself had laid its icy hand upon her own heart. She struggled with superhuman strength for control. He must not see; he must not guess the hours of agony that kept her tossing on her pillow; that sometimes sent her rushing to him, to hear him breathe, to feel that he was still warm.

So she smiled at him.

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AND he, gazing upon her, knew all her thoughts and her fears. He drew her to him and held her very close. After a time, as the letter lay on the floor between them, he said very softly:

"Joyce, dear, you have never asked me anything of my life before I met you; no, do not draw away from me. I feel as though now I must tell you. There was a woman—before I knew you—"

"Don't go on," she begged.

But he withstood her.

"She was beautiful, Joyce, but not with your tenderness, your understanding. Yet she held me captive at her feet. We had long, beautiful hours together. We knew all that love can give!"

There was a quivering silence, then Joyce looked up into his eyes. Her own were wet, and held an expression he could not read.

"Dear, fine liar," she whispered. "Oh, dear, shining liar, do you think I could love anyone else—ever?"

And so he saw his fabrication was not going to make her even remotely vision a life with anyone else after he was gone. Yet he was more of the world in this than she; he was perhaps less the ardent idealist. He knew that the hearts of men and women do rebound and relive.

He touched her cheek reverently.

"Beloved," he said, "remember always that your happiness is all that can ever matter."

She understood him and she kissed him softly. But her control was going. She brought it back with supreme effort.

"Dick," she said, "you must lie down. I'll go and smooth your pillow."

When he had left her her agony would have broken her down, body and soul, had she not had for a time at least the sense that he was near her, helping her,

comforting her in her terrible loneliness.

And even as the months went by, and this sense was not so acute, there was his mother and her love for her boy making a bond between them.

But Joyce went through her Gethsemane; she served her apprenticeship in the school of life, and the day they told her the insurance company had failed, so that her mother-in-law's patrimony could never be, she buckled on her armor and went forth to support them both.

She rented a small room at the top of an apartment hotel, from whose small window she could see the lake in all its moods. Here she passed hours at her typewriter. Out of the richness of her understanding she wrote of men and women, of their joys and their griefs, their nobilities, for some way she had a deep belief in man's nobility.

She knew that love was very good.

She believed that the greatest thing in life was courage.

And so she worked. But she sold her stories slowly, because they were not sophisticated brilliancies. And because the stories went slowly she knew privation, sometimes the bite of hunger, for the little mother she had left in the country town must be taken care of.

She sat one cold winter day in the top room, with a blanket about her shoulders. A story was forming in her mind, when the landlord's small boy knocked and gave her a letter. She tore it open quickly and found it was from Wilson Crittenden. He was returning a story; but he also offered her a suggestion. Since she had now made writing her profession, why not come to New York? No one, he felt, who was free and could live where she pleased ought to stay away from New York, particularly a professional person who needed the stimulus of those doing the same work; the stimulus of great magazine offices and publishing houses.

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JOYCE sat a long time thinking, and at length she girded up her courage, brushed once again her shiny serge dress and walked to the nearest state pawnshop. Here, for her treasured engagement ring, with its one fine diamond, she secured sufficient money for her fare to New York and about a fortnight's living, or rather existing, expenses.

She arrived in New York, unheralded and unmet, and registered at a little dollar-a-day hotel near Fifth avenue and

Twenty-third street. As she looked down from her tenth story window upon the surging, hurrying crowds she remembered her honeymoon, when she and Dick had walked up and down Broadway, realizing nothing but that they were to be together forever.

At this thought a lump rose in her throat, and she hurried to the telephone to call up Wilson Crittenden. He was not in his office, so she left her name and address and waited. In less than an hour the telephone bell rang.

"Mrs. Farmington?" a voice inquired. "Yes," she answered. "I'd like to see you."

"May I call about 5?"

"Yes; do."

She hung up the receiver, flew about the room. She looked her serge dress over very carefully, discarded it and settled on the soft green broadcloth that Dick had so loved.

She brushed her hair till it shone, using many invisible hairpins to try to keep it in place, which was difficult to do, because it was unruly hair, with quite a definite curl in it. When the house bell rang and it was announced that Mr. Crittenden was waiting downstairs, Joyce was ready.

She was whirled down in the elevator, and when she stepped from its confines to the first floor she did not connect Wilson Crittenden with the tall, slender, fair man standing near.

She was walking toward the parlor when she felt a touch on her arm, and she whirled about and faced the man.

"Some way," he said, "I knew you were young."

"Oh," she said, "you're Wilson Crittenden."

"Wilson Crittenden," he answered. And then: "Is this a visit?"

"Oh, no; you advised my settling in New York, you remember."

He smiled at her.

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WELL, you lost no time," he said. Then: "Have you an hour to ride on top of a bus with me to Washington Square?" And when she nodded, "It's cold; better put on a heavy coat."

In a few minutes they were on the top of a Fifth avenue bus.

"Great air," Crittenden said, removing his hat.

She noticed that his hair was thinning on top, and she didn't like that depletion. She wished his profile had a finer line, but she remembered his hands were strong and supple. She had a habit of bolstering up personalities till they nearly fitted her ideals and then closing her eyes to the things she disliked.

But he had a complete sense of her soft beauty as she sat near him. He was very conscious (though not altogether believing) of her childlike quality, her freshness.

"I shall feel very conscience stricken," he said, "if you don't make good after coming to New York on my suggestion."

"Oh, I'll make good," she said confidently. "You see, I intend to work very hard."

"And change your point of view," he said. "I got a sense from your stuff that you deal somewhat in traditions."

"Oh," she said; and felt suddenly quite thrown back on herself; felt a humility she hadn't known before. So that she was very glad when the bus stopped and they descended into the square. They walked through the park to the Liberal Club.

"I've got to stop here a while," he said. "Will you come in with me?"

They entered the club, and Joyce was a bit disappointed, it was so without atmosphere.

"My man must be in the back room," Crittenden said. And at the moment a girl came out of a book-lined alcove. She and Crittenden looked at one another with a rather off-hand but very familiar

JUST BE GLAD

By Myrna Lichtenberger.

*A*INT this the queerest world that ever you saw before,
With jest a peck o' trouble allus hangin' 'round the door?
But wouldn't it be dreary and wouldn't it be sad
If this funny, great big world would allus jest be glad?
We wouldn't know what laughter is unless we shed a tear;
We'd never know what sorrow is without a word o' cheer.
But yet there's allus some folks who never are content,
But allus are a-doubtin' what our gracious Father meant;
Yet ain't it a heap right better to smile an' jest be glad
Than to sit around a-cryin', makin' other folks feel sad?

A PAGE ABOUT MUSIC and MUSICIANS

The Passing of a Noted Musician

In the death of Frederick Herbert Torrington, Mus. Doc., as reported a few days ago, there is removed from the musical life of Canada one of its most interesting figures, perhaps even of its principal promoters. He has passed, full of years and honor after a life devoted to the furtherance of musical culture in the Dominion, a task in which he has succeeded in a greater measure than he expected.

An Englishman by birth, a Canadian by adoption, he is claimed by Toronto as her son, though both Halifax and Montreal knew him before the Ontario capital had made his acquaintance. In Montreal he was engaged as a young man in the sheet music business, and later secured an organ there, stepping from Montreal to what was regarded as one of the best livings in the United States.

I had the pleasure of an entire evening in his company about four years ago in Port Arthur, when he was there examining candidates for the academy, and having an attentive listener, he carried the story on until well after midnight. The path of his musical career was pointed out to him in the days of his extreme youth, and it was at the outset no bed of roses. Canada knows him best as the organizer of big things; as the founder of the National chorus, as the organist and choirmaster of the Metropolitan church, Toronto; as the leader of the choir and orchestra which performed for the present King and Queen when as the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall York they visited Toronto.

Just the period of his life which presents the really human story was that before his coming to Canada, when as a youth he had to undergo all the irksome practices which haunt the life of the present-day boy. But the parents of his day were not so indulgent as the mothers and fathers of this generation, nor was it possible to take a street car to the home of his preceptor as it is today.

"The first fiddle I ever possessed, I won in a raffle," he told me. "We had moved to a mining town in Yorkshire and a merchant there gave tickets with each purchase, entitling the holder to a chance on the weekly prize. I had stood for long periods looking at that fiddle as it hung in the window with a mass of hardware and very unpoetical-looking miners' equipment as a background, but little thought that Saturday night would bring it to me."

"My parents had bought something and attended at the time set for the drawing—and won. There was more showing to be done, but that was abandoned in their haste to get home. I was asleep when, bearing candles, they entered my bedroom. A discussion ensued as to the wisdom of waking me, but my mother's protests were unheeded, and to the demand of my father—'Wake up, lad, that's got a fiddle!' I sat up, my eyes ablaze with excitement. But if my joy was great, it was nothing compared to that of my father, whose eyes positively beamed when, after a preliminary investigation as to how the scale was played, I sawed out a little tune."

"My career was settled upon there

and then. I was to become a musician—a musician in the English sense, not just a player of one instrument, but the master of them all."

It was then that he dropped into a reminiscent mood and with the small, bright eyes, half-closed, peering, it seemed, back through nearly seventy years, told me of his first lessons. In a neighboring village a schoolmaster was training a choir and orchestra for the "Messiah," and the proud parent immediately arranged for young Torrington to join the orchestra.

"Twice a week, a walk of miles in the blackness of night, stumbling along through the pit-heads, was what those rehearsals involved," said Dr. Torrington, "but my father would take me by the hand, not trusting me to carry the almost sacred vehicle of my art, but bearing it himself under his disengaged arm. While we were rehearsing, my father would remain outside, walking up and down in company with other fathers who had brought sons to play or sing."

"The accompanying fathers served a double purpose," continued the great apostle of oratorio. "If a member of the choir or orchestra did not behave himself or bear himself up to the standard of dignity prescribed by that old world schoolmaster, he was directed to go outside and report to his father, returning a few minutes later with a chastened mien, even though perhaps the ability to sit comfortably had been reduced considerably by the visit to the parental line."

Dr. Torrington candidly confessed that he "faked" at his early performances. There was but one note that he felt positively sure about. He knew what sort of a noise it made, and he knew what it looked like in notation, and so he specialized on that, and skipped all the others, and as soon as his pet note hove in sight, squared himself up to come in with it, and very generously, no delicate pianissimo, but a really emphatic, rasping, and very often too long-sustained "forte."

When only a small boy his father apprenticed him to an organist in the town of his birth, Dudley, Worcestershire. He was regularly tutored, which meant that he could be put in prison for escaping his apprenticeship or for other breaches of the terms of his indenture. His duties included blowing every morning at 6 o'clock for his master, for the bellows then were not operated electrically as are the fans on the modern organs. At a certain period each day he would be permitted to occupy the bench. The master of an apprentice was armed with the right to inflict corporal punishment, and many a sharp rap the youthful Torrington received if too many errors crept into his work.

Dr. Torrington was the possessor of a very rare old violin, a present to him from an English nobleman who commanded the garrison at Halifax when Dr. Torrington was there. The nobleman, Lord Dunmore, was himself an enthusiastic violinist, so much so that, according to Dr. Torrington, he would frequently find him lying in bed playing his violin. He improved his playing under Dr. Torrington, and in appreciation, purchased the old violin and brought it back with him to Canada, making the presentation at a choral concert which Dr. Torrington was conducting. It is now in the possession of the doctor's son, a New York physician.

Dr. Torrington was only 16 when he took his first charge as organist and choirmaster at St. Anne's church, Bewdley, England, and his first important charge in Canada was at Great St. James' Methodist church, Montreal, in 1857, later becoming musical director at Kings chapel, Boston, relinquishing that post in 1873. In that year he came to Toronto as organist of the Metropolitan Methodist church, where ultimately the great new organ was placed. He held this post from 1873 until 1907. It was during these years that he did so much for the musical life of Canada. While he was in Boston he was professor of the piano and solo organist of the New England Conservatory of Music, and also first violinist in the Harvard Symphony orchestra, and solo organist at the Boston Music hall.

In 1886 he arranged the first Canadian musical festival in Toronto, and also conducted other festivals there in 1893 and 1896. He founded the Toronto College of Music in 1892, and remained its active head until his death.

Dr. Torrington was a man who got the best out of life, the small bright

eyes, always alert and laughing, being sufficient indication of the genial character behind them. His loss will be keenly felt in the world of music.

E. S. C.

WHY DO YOU GO TO A CONCERT?
Said a teacher to his pupil the other day—"Do not attend a concert out of sheer curiosity, or for the glory of boasting that you have heard this or that celebrity." This strikes home with particular force for you often hear the remark dropped—"well I suppose it was worth a dollar fifty to see and hear so-in-so." At that rate most performers are pretty costly sights.

Go to a concert with a purpose. A business man said the other evening at dinner, "I've had a pretty heavy strain all week at the office; let's go over to the organ recital"—and he would get rest and recreation from the music. A young lady telephoned a friend, "Say we go down to hear the orchestra tonight, I'm hungry for some good music"—she would enjoy the musical meal.

The members of a choir go up to the service of praise given by another choir to hear certain anthems from the pew and thus go home with ideas for improvement in their own choir work. And so, attend a concert with a definite object in view—you will be the gainer.

Influence Of Music Among The People

By W. O. Forsyth, Toronto.

Although we are living under a cloud of great uneasiness owing to the world upheaval caused by the war, yet we must be careful and not allow ourselves to forget what makes for refinement and beauty in our lives and what gives us the most relief from our many "irritating concerns and duties" during these anxious and depressing days. This one great and purifying force is music.

It has become a large factor in the lives of all people, and its cultivation and study should progress now even more than in times of peace. During childhood and early youth—although it can be studied interestingly at any age—are the best years in which to absorb the beautiful influences of this lovely and heaven-sent art, and no sacrifice should be considered so great to enable us to attend as continuously as possible to this necessary study. We know what music means to the soldier and sailor, how it comforts and cheers, and inspires, and also how it brings to the mind through the force of suggestion scenes and incidents of home, and all the endearing intimacies and associations with friends. It is almost a necessity in the army, because of its vitalizing and hopeful character, and because of its stimulating and healthful effect of the nervous system. In this way fatigue is—in a measure—banished, and pessimistic optimism takes the place of depression and gloom.

If music is so uplifting and inspiring there, it can be made so here at home, when we are pursuing our usual, and unusual duties from day to day. Its grateful effect on the bodily organism enables us—for a time at least—to forget the terrible effects of the war scourge which is marring the beauty of life, and it is thus refreshing and wholesome. For the young the daily practising and the artistic stimulus created thereby, is for reaching, and cannot be other than ennobling. No calling that is worthy exists which does not open up numerous channels for the development of character, and none are more remarkable in their suggestiveness than art, and particularly musical art. It is ever beautiful and wonderful in what it reveals. Music is noble in itself, and music in one's formative years, influence nobility, if our character be equal to it.

Children and young persons should be given every opportunity to have their latent musical talent developed, and should be sympathetically encouraged to let nothing stand in the way. Lessons in piano or violin playing or singing or whatever be the choice, should be pursued with regularity, care being taken to see that the teacher be gifted and competent, love his work and take pride in what he is able to accomplish.

THE ADVANCE OF MUSIC.

To hear some musical people in discussion and read some of the articles in the press, one would think that foreign nations were the custodians of all that was musical and that as Britishers our own development was just beginning or just began since the outbreak of war.

Quite true, we have a long road to go before music is made a part of the life of the people of every class to the extent that it should be. But it is too often forgotten that our own Welsh people have probably the oldest existing form of musical festival

to their credit. The Troubadours of France go back to the eleventh century, and the Minnesingers of Germany to the twelfth century, yet the Welsh Eisteddfod was held in the seventh century. The meaning of the word is given as the "sitting of wise men." The bards who took part were the very most proficient. It is also said that the notice of the holding of the Eisteddfod, to be legal, had to be given in advance a year and a day.

The close hold that music has had on the people of Britain has been intensified as time went on. This spread to Canada, and in late years has made such pronounced progress that there are those who hope for the approaching day when as a people we shall agree with Ruskin that "music is the nearest at hand, the most orderly, the most delicate and the most perfect of all bodily pleasures; and also the only one which is equally helpful to all the ages of man"—helpful from the nurse's song to her infant to the music unheard of others, which often, if not most frequently, haunts the deathbed of pure and innocent spirits—or, in other words, man's greatest pleasure from the cradle to the grave.

One Platform.

"On what platform were you elected?" "I don't remember," replied Senator Borghum. "Every candidate was trying to promise everybody everything. As near as I can recall, I was elected on pretty much the same platform as the one my opponent was defeated on."—Washington Star.

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look, the significance of which passed Joyce by.

"Hello, there, Wilson," the girl said; "have you a match?"

He produced one immediately, and she lit a cigaret.

Crittenden introduced Joyce to Rebecca Hall.

"Glad to know you," said Rebecca immediately; "I've read one or two of your stories."

Joyce in her new sensitiveness thought the other was scornful of these same stories, as of course she would be. They dealt with life as Joyce knew it, the "traditions," such as belief in marriage and loyalty, sacrifice if sacrifice seemed the way, rather than freedom for one's self at any cost to others. It came over Joyce terrifically, so that perhaps her intuitions about Rebecca's opinions were correct.

Crittenden was speaking.

"There's my man, just arrived." He stood, seemingly a little ill at ease, till Joyce relieved him.

"Can't I stay here a while?"

"If you will; I shan't be long. Then we can talk."

Rebecca stared after his straight, rather narrow back and narrower head with reflective eyes as she blew perfect rings from her cigaret toward the ceiling.

"Settling in New York?" asked Rebecca. She perched herself on the arm of a chair. Rebecca was very slender, dressed in a long sacklike garment, and her hair rolled straight back from a bright and curious face. She was not pretty, Joyce decided, but oh, she seemed so sure; she had no sensibilities. Joyce was upset, all at sea.

"Yes, I'm settling here," said Joyce.

"I thought you had attachments?" ventured Rebecca.

"My husband died over a year ago," said Joyce.

Rebecca finished her cigaret, immediately lit another.

"Aren't you afraid those things will hurt you?" Joyce asked.

"I don't always smoke so hard," said Rebecca. "But I'm under a bit of a strain now. I'm trying to write a play, and it's a devil of a thing to handle."

"A play?" said Joyce.

"Yes. Usually I'm all but too critical to write at all."

"Oh," said Joyce again. She thought of how easily she wrote those things nearest her heart—and Rebecca was "all but too critical to write at all."

"I've grouped the characters for a play," said Rebecca, "and have them in a certain situation, back of that a certain idea to bring out. Three or four other people are interested, and we'll probably do it together."

"That would be rather interesting," murmured Joyce.

"Well, if the play succeeds in fighting itself into actual existence," said Rebecca, "it will be a social rather than an individual creation."

Joyce again was silent, filled with admiration for this strong, definite woman.

"I'm offered an assistant editorship with Bentley's Magazine, where Wilson is, you know," said Rebecca. "I may take it—if they'll let me express my own ideas."

Joyce couldn't resist.

"Don't you think it wonderful to write things that will make people look up instead of down?"

"Oh, heavens, no!" said Rebecca vehemently. "Don't you know your biology? We all react according to the kind of nerves we have. You can't make a pessimist look up any more than you can make an optimist see the misery all about him." She paused to finish: "There, I've

"Technique!" she said, and then, as always, having started on a thought, she elaborated it as she spoke. "Can't you always express what you feel deeply? And if the expression is weak, isn't that because the feeling behind is weak?"

"You think that?" he asked. She felt he disapproved of her emotional display, and she grew desperately uncomfortable. "You need a lot of Shaw," he continued.

"I feel as though now I must tell you. There was a woman—before I knew you—"



hit your trouble. You're all emotion!"

Wilson Crittenden returned then, to find a much subdued Joyce, a condition he noticed at once.

"Going to dine with me tonight, Wilson?" asked Rebecca.

"No; with Mrs. Farmington," he said, and added smilingly: "I'm going to get her psychology, if I can."

So, having bade Rebecca adieu, Joyce found herself a little later seated opposite Crittenden in a busy restaurant.

"So you're going to work hard and write?" he said after the waiter had disappeared with their order.

SUDDEN fire grew in Joyce's eyes.

"Yes," she said; "I'm going to write."

"Well, go a little bit more quietly," he said kindly. "I liked one or two of your expressions, but you must learn control. Get hardness into your stuff. See life as it is."

"I think I have seen life as it is," she murmured.

"No," he smiled back at her; "you've seen life as do so many, as you want to see life. Oh, I know you have flashes, but flashes are nothing unless you have technique to put them into form."

"Shaw?" she said. She lifted an earnest face to his.

"Shaw!" he repeated tenaciously. "He's central in the twentieth century. Read everything he's written. The spiritual quality of Shaw, his anti-sentimentality is the most valuable quality you can absorb. Become Shaw. Turn his faculties on your world."

"And while I'm reading Shaw," she said, "how shall I eat?"

"How shall you eat?" he asked, puzzled; then, catching her meaning, he frowned. "Ah, well, if you're commercialized to that extent, what hope is there for art?"

Joyce herself didn't know what hope there was for art, nor what hope for herself. She was doubly confused when, as they rode back to her hotel from the restaurant in a taxicab, Crittenden quite calmly put his arms about her. Perhaps he felt her attempted withdrawal, for he said in a surprised way:

"Why, you're very attractive to me!"

So Joyce relaxed, though her heart was beating painfully fast. And when, just before they separated, he bent and kissed her, she had no words left, only away back somewhere in her mind kept beating the question: How best to handle this situation. Emotionally, intellectually! She didn't know the ethics in the

case according to newer standards. So she said nothing, and went upstairs to her tenth story room in a whirl, from which, try as she might far into the night, she could not disentangle herself.

In time Joyce recovered from her interviews with Wilson Crittenden and Rebecca Hall. She sold a story to a second-rate magazine and found a tiny, cheap room suitable to her purpose situated just outside the square. Then she wrote two stories, that were a mixture of her old simplicity of touch and her confusion

in the new school. There she sent to Bentley's, and received them back promptly with letters from Crittenden. One story, he told her, was of "feminine psychology"; the other, that her characters were puppets.

Joyce shed real tears, recovered, and sent another with her usual tenacity. This time the story came back with a letter from Rebecca Hall, who had taken the position she had spoken of on Bentley's Magazine.

"I don't like your trick technique," she wrote to Joyce. "Clever carpentry and machinery, but no emotional reality."

Then Joyce really succumbed; she was at last thoroughly discouraged, and because the mother-in-law back home wrote very apologetically that she needed new flannels, and because the winter was bitter, Joyce went out and found a job as a typist to a public stenographer.

She covered up her own little typewriter that her mother-in-law had shipped to her and put away her dreams of being a writer. She was just not equipped, that was all. These razor-edged minds had taught her her lessons. She told Wilson Crittenden her decision one night when he called to take her for a walk through the thick snow in the park.

"I'll tell you your trouble," he said earnestly; "you must be taken out of yourself. You've never had a tremendous love affair. Once awakened, I believe you'll write!"

She looked up at him. Her soft eyes and her little-girl lips made their strong appeal to him. Once again he stooped in the shelter of a dark building and kissed her.

"I think I'd like to go home," she said. But he spoke almost roughly:

"You see; you see your sentimental reactions? No, you're coming along with me to Rebecca's party."

So Joyce found herself a while later in Rebecca's studio. Already it was filled with people, all talking above the phonograph that was grinding out dance music. Wilson Crittenden, quite unheeding, entered with his arm about Joyce, but when a gorgeous auburn haired woman glided toward him he left Joyce with no word of apology. But simultaneously she and Rebecca saw one another, and Rebecca, catching a youngish woman standing near by the hand, came over to Joyce.

"How great to see you here," said Rebecca; "I suppose Wilson brought you. And here's some one who wants to meet you."

She was gone again, having seen a dark, heavy man entering her gates.

"I'm Rose Graham," said the youngish looking woman. "I didn't dream I'd see you here tonight, though Miss Hall

How Canadian Railway Men Are Helping



Lieut.-Col. C. W. P. Ramsey.

AMONGST the most prominent Canadian railroadmen with the Canadian Overseas Railway Construction Corps, is Lieutenant-Colonel C. W. P. Ramsey, formerly Engineer of Construction for the Eastern Lines of the Canadian Pacific Railway. Lieutenant-Colonel Ramsey has won the Companionship of the Order of St. Michael and St. George. His record is an example of the rewards that result from energy and perseverance. Born at Barry, Quebec, in 1882, he began to serve his apprenticeship at Dolorimier Avenue Shops, Mechanical Department, in 1892. Later he was draftsman, transitman, assistant engineer, division engineer, and, in 1912, was made Engineer of Construction for Eastern Lines. In February, 1915, he went on leave to command the Canadian Railway Construction Corps in France. Besides having received the distinction already referred to, on June 3rd, 1916, he was several times mentioned in despatches. The C. P. R. has given 7,000 recruits to the army, and many of these are adding to the glory of the allied railroad makers in France.

The work of the Canadian Overseas Railway Construction Corps has been the subject of a great deal of praise from all sections of the British Army at the front. The Military Department at Ottawa has just issued an article received from war correspondence headquarters, France, describing the importance of the service

The Railway Construction Corps lays the rails as fast as the armies advance.

—Photo by courtesy of C. P. R.

rendered by these brawny recruits from the railway systems of the Dominion. The article says:

"In this devastated country, where a pile of broken bricks overgrown with weeds and a sign with a map location designate a former village, where roads have altogether disappeared and even cross-country trails melt in a single night, the Canadian railway men construct and maintain their lines. They are shelled by Fritz. If anything, more persistently and in greater volume than the infantry, yet night and day tons of ammunition and rations and men go forward over repaired lines, feeding guns and men alike. The experiences of the railway troops are not lacking in excitement."

A striking instance of pluck is thus detailed:

"During one of the recent attacks Sergeant Oscar Samson, of Alberta, was seriously wounded in the arm. Instead of trekking for medical assistance back in the rear, he attempted

to 'carry on' at his job of mending lines destroyed by Hun shells, so that more ammunition could be rushed up. Finally his arm got so painful, he decided to go forward on the track that had been mended, to an advanced dressing station that he knew of. His wound had been fixed by a comrade, and his arm was tied up in an improvised sling. Samson climbed on a tractor which was hauling a trainload of Stokes gun ammunition. When they got to a junction near the front line both guard and driver were wounded by splinters from a high explosive shell. The little train had made the crest of the grade and was gathering momentum every second with the driver of the tractor hanging limp and unconscious from his seat. Samson pulled him up to a place of safety and shut off the engine, but the heavy train had too much headway to be stopped, and in addition the brake gear had been blown away by another shell. Climbing

back to try and set the brakes on the cars, Samson came across the wounded guard. He had been knocked off the top of the truck, and his foot catching in the framework of the car, he was being dragged along with his head and shoulders bumping on the ballast. The Canadian sergeant released his foot but failed in his attempt to gather him up into the rapidly moving car. About one hundred yards ahead was another ammunition train, its cargo of high explosive shells being unloaded at a battery position. By good luck and a knowledge of braking, learned on the grades in the Rockies, Samson managed to slow down his train just as it reached the standing trucks, and a serious collision and explosion was avoided. Then, although the shell fire was extremely heavy, the sergeant went back and rescued the wounded guard. Samson won the Military Medal for this splendid exhibition of pluck."



On the British Western Front—A busy scene at an ammunition dump behind the Canadian lines.

NEW WORK BY COAST AUTHOR

The Canadian customs have agreed to admit free and without paying duty, Mrs. Blanche Irbe Bremner's new book, "The Hut in the Forest," a dramatic poem published in attractive form by the George H. Doran Publishing Co., New York. The reason for this unwonted action is that the whole of the proceeds from the sale of this work are to be presented to the New York Life fund for the benefit of war orphans. The well-known magazine of fun and satire has conducted since the beginning of the conflict in Europe, a fund for this purpose, and has sent many thousands of dollars to France.

Mrs. E. B. Bremner, the wife of a well-known citizen of Vancouver, is a musician as well as a writer, and her fine song "Samaritan" was some time ago very favorably received. Her help was also solicited by the management of the recent Pan-American Exposition at San Francisco, in arranging for the musical features of the Canadian Day. Mrs. Bremner's new book, "The Hut in the Forest," is pronounced a classic by eminent literary critics, and ranks with "The Bluebird," "Peter Pan," and "The Piper," in literary quality. It is a very attractive volume especially suitable for the library table and for a Christmas gift. It is a charming and appealing story of five lovable children alone in "The Hut in the Forest," in the middle of winter, who tell fairy tales—where the fairies come to play with and comfort them, that they may forget their hunger and cold and keep on believing that "Love will rescue them at dawn."

and she'd make a chance sometime for me to meet you."

"Do you belong here?" asked Joyce.

"Oh, no," said Rose. "I came to help Miss Hall. She called this meeting, as it were, for a special purpose. I work on Bentley's, in the printing department." And then: "I wanted to meet you ever since I read your 'Rainbow Colors'."

A pang shot through Joyce. She had written "Rainbow Colors" one day shortly before Dick's going, and it had been published after his death.

"I read that little story," said Rose Graham, "when things were so black with me that I was thinking of the river. It saved me. I knew you, too, must have loved, and suffered, and lost!"

"Oh," said Joyce, "oh, my dear— She put out her hand and the girl took it, not knowing what a flood of joy had returned to Joyce.

But no more could be said. Rebecca Hall was rapping at the far end of the room for attention. She began to speak in her distinctive way.

"I want to announce to you all tonight," she said, "that Wilson Crittenden and I have decided to live together no longer. We've made other arrangements."

Some one called back: "As temporary as the one you're winding up, Rebecca?"

And she answered: "How can I tell?" She looked toward the dark, heavy man of her new choice and finished: "When we're tired of one another, that's the end, of course."

Joyce glanced over to Wilson Crittenden. He was quite in the tolls of the flaming haired beauty. Joyce remembered that he had kissed her, had told her only tonight that she needed a big

love affair to make her a great writer. Was this what these people called life?

Rose Graham, at her side, was saying: "Would you like to take a walk through the square, Mrs. Farmington?"

"Oh, yes, yes!" cried Joyce.

She found herself a moment later downstairs under the dark, cold sky, the girl Rose Graham shivering beside her in her inadequate little coat. Joyce's coat was none too warm. But she knew nothing of warmth or cold. For a sweet exhilaration was in her. A sweeping thought of her husband and their shared life came to her, the little child that had bound them, their last year together. Even the old mother-in-law, looking to her dead son's wife for her very existence, was part of the glowing picture! Deep loyalties, moving faiths, the high joy of the one man and the one woman; the shining lie of the man who had so

loved her; sacrifices that put steel into the soul. All these realities she had known, while back there in Rebecca's studio they talked of biology and hardness and the crime of emotion!

The girl at her side stumbled against a little heap of snow. As she flung out her arm to save herself Joyce caught her, steadied her, and the passionate words returned to her:

"I was thinking of the river—but you, too, must have loved—and suffered—and lost!"

Just one to have helped up! Joyce looked straight into the eyes of the girl, and the girl felt the high mood in that look.

But she could not know it was the look of the new-born artist rising from the ashes of a base humility into the heights of her own power.

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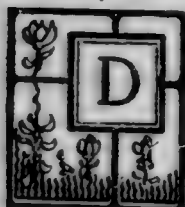
THE RETIRED VAMPIRE

By Dorothy Jefferson

Illustrated by F. McNelly

Reuben, Reuben, I've been thinking.
What a strange world this would be
If the men were all transported
Far beyond the raging sea.

—Old Song



DULCIE," said Mrs. Nesbit sharply, "you bake that cake. I told the minister's wife you would have it ready by 5 o'clock, and you mustn't keep her waiting. Put down that letter

and get to work right away!"

Her daughter, a slim, fair-haired girl of 18, rose obediently. Obedience, like many other virtues, was a habit with Dulcie Nesbit. She would no more have thought of stealing an hour's recreation from her routine of drudgery than she would have thought of plucking flowers that grew in her neighbor's garden. She had been brought up to believe that the days she spent under her mother's roof belonged to her mother, and she hummed cheerfully as she went about the monotonous, never-ending little tasks that Matilda Nesbit laid out for her.

"Sift that flour three times!" Mrs. Nesbit cautioned. "I want our cake to bring 75 cents at the bazaar."

"Yes, ma."

Dulcie's face pinkened as she knelt and leaned close to the oven to try the heat.

"Want a chocolate or a coconut icing?"

The stout woman in the doorway reflected seriously.

"Chocolate, I suppose," she decided, untying her apron and hanging it on a convenient nail. "The minister is real fond of that flavoring, and I guess most of his parishioners are, too."

Two hours later, Dulcie, painfully shiny of face and stiffly starched of skirt, emerged from the Nesbit cottage on Maple street and walked slowly north toward Main. Her hair was coiled tightly back from her forehead and knotted demurely low on her shapely neck. Her white linen skirt and waist were obsolescent models purchased in the local drug goods store and laundered with scrupulous care. Her round-toed white canvas shoes had come from a mail order house and boasted elaborate cross- straps that made a lumpy design on her pretty ankles. She was dressed in her Sunday best, and in the reddened hands that nature had molded for an artist and bestowed on a fag, she carried a tissue-wrapped offering for the ladies' guild.

Maple street lay quiet and napping in the sunset light. Not so Main street. Six jitneys and three wagons were parked along the curbing, and a dozen or more villagers were abroad scouting their groceries for supper. They supped at 5:30 p. m. in Hilldale and breakfasted at the same hour in the a. m.

Dulcie smiled and bowed to every one

Vampires are passe. They went "out" when war was declared and the knitting, Red Crossing girls came to take their place

she met. Her greetings met with warm responses.

"Glad to see you around again, Mrs. Simpson. Your rheumatics better?"

"Lo, Clara! You'll be at the bazaar tonight, I s'pose?"

"And your baby's walking so early, Mrs. Jenkins. He's the smartest child in town for his age."

Another girl joined Dulcie at the entrance to the guild rooms. She also carried a bundle and was dressed in her best.

"I think it's a perfectly grand idea to give a benefit for the soldier boys, don't you, Dulcie?" she chirped in a friendly fashion. "I hope they'll make loads and loads of money here tonight."

Dulcie nodded. Her heart was hammering loudly, her cheeks flamed scarlet with the tentative banners of self-conscious youth, and speech was impossible.

A soldier was coming toward them.

He, who was known as Edward Rinehart to the other inhabitants of Hilldale, was a tall, well built youth in his early twenties. His features were rugged and a bit heavy, but there was a humorous twinkle in his gray eyes and a pleasant twist to his large mouth. Moreover, there was a certain distinction about the manner in which he wore his officer's uniform and saluted his friends as they entered the guild room.

He was not merely Lieutenant Edward Rinehart, recruiting officer, to Dulcie. He was Ned, the masculine ideal of her fellow, ignorant, sentimental soul.

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THE guild hall had been decorated with garlands of red, white and blue crepe paper, and huge bunches of wild flowers. Gay booths had been installed in the four corners of the room, and the articles of sale were already on display. There was an apron and a bag booth, an embroidery booth, a fortune-telling booth and a refreshment booth, where lemonade, ice cream cones, cake and candy could be bought. It was toward the latter that Dulcie and her friend made their way, and, as they fondly expected, the lieutenant intercepted them.

"Dulcie!" he said; "how are you?"

"Ned!" she answered; "fine."

The other girl wandered off alone.

For a full moment Edward Rinehart held Dulcie's quivering hand in his strong one and smiled down at her. His summer in Hilldale would have been unbearably stupid if it had not been for this little playmate with the gold-colored hair and wide, worshipping eyes.

"I'll call for you in my car tonight," he promised; "be ready by 8. I've lots to tell you."

Dulcie deposited the chocolate cake at the refreshment booth, paid her respects to the minister's wife, and made a mad rush for home. She sang all the songs she could remember while she was setting the table and cooking supper for herself and ma. She wished that her arms would reach around the globe, so that she could hug the whole world.

"Ma," she began timidly when they were seated and had asked a silent blessing over the fried potatoes and scrambled eggs, "can you—would you—that is—do you mind if I go to the sociable with Ned tonight?"

Matilda Nesbit was no fool. Edward Rinehart, son of old Judge Rinehart, was a good catch for any girl. Dulcie was lucky to receive the attentions of a "college reared" man like that. And besides, Nathan Nesbit was fair and a widow at 49, and had flames of her own to fan. She need not go alone and unattended to the bazaar—not she.

"I thought he'd be calling around tonight," ma smiled shrewdly. "He fancies you right smart, Dulcie, and I'm not saying I'm opposed to him. Yes, you may go."

It was Dulcie's evening of triumph she was like a princess come into her own. Not only was she the belle of the bazaar with Hilldale's proudest son in constant attendance, she was the lucky Cinderella whom Ned Rinehart bundled into his car at midnight and whisked away through the silent streets. Her bashfulness fell from her like an unbecoming garment, and the barriers which education had erected between herself and Judge Rinehart's son tumbled with a crash. Beneath Dulcie's countryfied exterior Ned glimpsed an adorable soul.

He stopped his car in the inky shadow of a maple tree.

"Dulcie," he whispered, "I love you. Do you care?"

His strong arms were about her. His lips found her sweet, young, unknissed lips.

Dulcie was supremely happy. There was only one tiny cloud on her whole horizon, and that was no inconsequential that she tried to ignore its existence.

Ned refused to announce their engagement.

He gave no reason, merely stating that it must be kept a secret for an indefinite length of time. He requested Dulcie to keep the news from every one, even her

mother, and the request was law to the girl who adored him.

It was past midnight when she tiptoed up to her room and shut her door softly. She lit a lamp and sank in a limp heap on her bed. She was so happy that two foolish tears trickled down her cheeks. She could hardly realize what had come to pass.

An open letter lay on her dresser, and presently, when she took the pins out of her hair and reached for a comb, she noticed the message, scrawled in carelessly attractive writing. She had read the letter several times that afternoon. She had been studying it when her mother reprimanded her and bid her go about her baking. But now the message had a new significance. She scanned it curiously.

Dear Aunt Matilda: I am bored with life. All the men have gone to war, and I am weary of bridge playing cats. I am going to pay you a visit. Shall bring my appetite and my knitting. Your loving niece,

ZEMA.

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ZEMA Favard was Dulcie's first cousin. The two girls were nearly of an age, but they had lived in such sharply contrasting worlds that Zema's twenty-two years had given her twice the experience her cousin had gathered in eighteen.

Born and educated in New York city, Zema knew as little of Hilldale as Hilldale knew of her. Her mother had died when she was an infant, and her father, who had prospered in business, had indulged her outrageously. Consequently, she grew from spoiled, unhappy childhood to extravagant, unchastened womanhood, and scrupulously avoided any hand that might undertake her guidance. Aunt Matilda of Hilldale had once been a country ogre, with whom her desperate parent threatened her in extremities, but now that she had reached maturity she felt a certain undefined curiosity concerning her dead mother's sister and the cousin she had never seen. In a moment of boredom she decided that their home might serve as a sanitarium in which to build up her shattered nerves.

She arrived in Hilldale five days after her letter.

Dulcie, having been warned of her approach by telegram, was on hand to meet her. Combed and starched, and woefully shy, she stood on the station platform when the limited slowed to deposit the village mail and one passenger. There could be no doubt of Zema's identity.

"I'm Dulcie," said the country girl timidly, advancing toward the tall, stranger and offering a hand. "You're my cousin, aren't you?"

Zema tilted her pretty, turbaned head on one side and smiled faintly.

"Yes," she answered in a voice which instantly alarmed and fascinated Dulcie; "I'm delighted to know you, my dear."

The baggage man took Zema's checks.

Getting the Big Idea Fixed

The International Sunday-School Lesson For December 9th is:
"Ezra And Nehemiah Teach The Law."—Nehemiah, Chap. 8.

BY WILLIAM T. ELLIS.

In a conservation congress held in the South one man made the point that it is better to get the great idea of conservation, or what another called the principle of salvation, into people's minds than to teach them all the methods of conservations extant. Plans are merely the product of a purpose. Methods are the output of a motive. Get the big idea into a people's thinking and they may be trusted to find all the practical outworkings of it that are necessary. The best program of moral and national reform is a passion for righteousness; details will take care of themselves.

When one of China's greatest statesmen told me that he felt that his nation needs to adopt Christianity, he did not have in mind any complete system of theology; he does not know anything about scientific theology. But he did see clearly that the Christian ideal, and the Christian spirit, are China's present needs. Give China the Book, and let her people grasp its genius, and she will make port in her troubled venture of a constitutional form of government, give her only the forms and methods of constitutionalism, with the old individualistic and selfish spirit, and she will make shipwreck of her great experiment. The clear need of China, as of our own land, is for a new life to vitalize the new forms of this changing day.

Better Than Strong Walls.

The Great Wall of North China, or the walls about Peking and Nanking, are not any more obsolete and ineffective for purposes of defence in these modern times than were the newly-built wall of Nehemiah to keep out the most dangerous foes of Jerusalem. They might thwart Sanballat, Tobiah and Geshem, but they were unavailing against the selfishness, pride, idolatry and godlessness of the wandering hearts of the Jews. The need of the returned Jews was for the protection that would save them from themselves. What says Amos R. Wells?—

"Closer is the Lord's protection than a near investing wall;
Closer than a moat about me, closer than a tower tall;
Closer than a suit of armor, or my hands and feet can be;
For against mine own assailing, His protection keepeth me."

The Jews who had returned from the Babylonian exile were in a capital position to adopt an eclectic religion; and they had leaning that way. They were surrounded by an assortment of creeds. There were more gods than virtues. Most of the popular divinities were easy-going, asking nothing of their devotees in the way of moral straightness. There was free rein for all passions in the service of the gods of the nations. That is why the Jews were so often tempted to stray from Jehovah. A man is glad to cloak the indulgence of his frailties under the cover of some religion.

The popularity of all sorts of cults in our own time is to be explained in this same way. Their moral obligations are not rigid and exacting. They profess scorn of the old legalism of the Mosaic law. "Natural religion" is a veritable high-brow fad in our times. It is an easy creed. It will let a man indulge his selfishness to any extent, so long as he is mindful to burn incense to the goddess of Good Form. Be polite and conventional, and you may do whatever you please within these wide bounds, says natural religion, which deifies the worst as well as the best of man's nature.

Leaders, Real and Sham.

Sir Robertson Nicoll, the great British editor and critic, once gave me his impression of certain public men on this side of the water. Concerning one famous man he said that "He manages to keep just a step in front of the crowd, and he is ever looking back over his shoulder to see if they are following." That is a definition of many a popular politician, but the term "leader" is not denied him. The truly great statesman is the one who leads the way to what he believes to be right, and honor and public welfare. He is less concerned about people's applause than about their progress.

Consequently, Jerusalem had that kind of leaders during and after the rebuilding of the walls. Nehemiah and Ezra cared more for help than people than for pleasing them. They never hesitated to point out the things which resided in the hearts of the Jews, as well as the things which arose from without the city walls. They were true leaders, not followers of the crowd who managed to keep in front of the procession like small boys running at the head of a circus parade.

Once the wall was finished these leaders obtained for a great festival of reconstruction of the law of the nation

which was the law of Jehovah. It is the degree of a community's reverence for law that measures its real stability. A common misapprehension is that it is the volume of business that determines a community's strength; but this is not so. The strength of the law is the strength of a people's civilization. Not without reason does the British poet of empire cry to his far-flung fellow countrymen:

"Keep ye the law; be swift in all obedience;
Drive the road and bridge the ford.
Make ye sure to each his own,
That he reap where he hath sown;
By the peace among our peoples let men know we serve the Lord."

A Get-Together Meeting.

Many cities in the Southern and Western parts of the United States have entered upon a regular campaign of advertising and promotion. They have adopted slogans and emblems, and assiduously woo increased prosperity. The first step in every such campaign is to get the people together, and to make them see their civic solidarity. No committee of business men can boom a city successfully, unless there be present the genuinely unified community consciousness.

Ezra had never studied psychology, but he knew human nature, which is the same thing, so his first step, in the great religious and law-observing revival which he projected for Jerusalem, was to get all the people together in one place. He wanted them to become conscious of themselves, to see one another, and to feel the thrill of the "elbow touch" of which old soldiers talk. Into the broad place before the water gate the whole assembly of the people gathered. Wise is the church which holds reunions and socials, not for money-making purposes, but solely to promote his self-realization of the organization.

The churches which expect to have crowds of worshippers merely by the fact of opening their doors, may take a lesson from Ezra's procedure. He was Ezra, the great leader, and all the people had special reason to give heed to his words, but he organized and planned for this rally as thoroughly as church make ready for a Billy Sunday campaign. It was not a one-man meeting; Ezra had with him a corps of assistants, judiciously placed. He was after results, and not after a reputation for himself. The occasion was a prepared one, an anticipated one, and an enthusiastic one, for the "get together" spirit had held of the people.

"And Gave the Sense."

A man was speaking upon the possibilities of Mesopotamia's cotton crop, but he took it for granted that his hearers were more familiar with geography than was the case, so he was surprised when a friend said to him, "A man was telling me about your speech upon the possibilities of cotton in China." The speaker had not been careful to make his hearers understand, which is as truly the speaker's responsibility as it is the listener's. Most persons listen to the Bible without expecting to understand it as they understand the newspapers. Their knowledge of Mesopotamia is as hazy as their knowledge of the Hittites, or the lands of Paul's journeys. A Sunday school-teacher who exhibited with pride a map of lands lying west of the Chaldees as down in the land of Edom was not very much embarrassed when the mistake was pointed out. The assumption is that all that pertains to the Bible is somewhat vague and conjectural. One does not expect to comprehend the Bible as he does a book of travels of a history or a novel.

That state of mind was given a severe jolt by Ezra, who in this great Bible-reading assembly had the law read so that the record runs, "And they read in the book of the law distinctly, and gave the sense, so that they understood the reading." No other book is read so unintelligently as the Scriptures. Philip's question to the Ethiopian eunuch might well be repeated to many a Christian at his private devotions, "Understandest thou what thou readest?"

Often the Bible is treated as a sort of charm or incantation, to be read because there is virtue in it, but not because it is understood. Some folk, following the good-book method of reading, take it at random for their daily reading, and are puzzled by the book's meaning. The Bible is not a magic charm, but a book which gives the reader the sense of what he is reading. It is a book which, as well read last year's almanac, or a volume of encyclopaedia, is a book which

A Devonshire Grace Darling

In the annals of this great war the name of Ella Trout will keep perpetual company with heroes.

At Hall Sands, nine miles from Dartmouth in beautiful south Devon there lives a family by the name of Trout. The father was a fisherman, and it was his measure to take his little daughter Ella with him wherever he went. Fine or stormy day by day, the little Devonshire lass could be seen seated in the bow of her father's boat. It was no wonder, therefore, that she grew to young womanhood with not only a great love for the sea, but with a thorough understanding of a fisherman's work, and with an expert's facility in the management of a boat. Then came the sad day when the Trout family was left fatherless and unprotected for. Ella, however, had not sprung from the very heart of England's seafaring men for naught. Although scarcely seventeen years of age, she took her father's place, followed his calling, and with every haul of fish, bought the necessities of life for her mother, sisters and brothers.

One day towards the end of October of this year, whilst Ella was out fishing, a storm arose. Although reluctant to return with empty nets, she realized that the sea was becoming too dangerous even for her dauntless courage. Just as she was about to head toward Hall Sands, she caught sight of that which made it impossible for her to go home, however rough the sea, until she had first rowed several miles in the opposite direction. For, there, off Start Point,

she saw an English trawler attacked by a submarine. Making no attempt to get other help, this heroic girl of but nineteen years, rowed in her small boat against the heavy sea, rowed and rowed, straining every muscle to reach that fast sinking vessel. Just as the savage waves were about to cover the trawler, Ella Trout reached the despairing men, and with superhuman effort, helped this exhausted crew into her boat and rowed them back to safety.

Never will the men of Devon have greater reason to sing that charming "Devonshire Ditty" by Alfred Noyes than the shipwrecked men whom Ella Trout saved:

"But I never went to heaven—
There was right good reason why,
For they sent a shining angel to me
There."

An angel down in Devon.

(Clad in muslin, by the bye.)

With the halo of the sunshine on her hair."

When the story of this heroic deed was narrated in Parliament, as happened but a short while ago, it was discovered that Ella Trout, although nineteen years of age, had never been in a train; had not even visited Dartmouth, but nine miles from her home at Hall Sands. She has since been invited to visit Brest, so that the people of Devon might be privileged to give their heroine her first peep at the world beyond the little house at Hall Sands, and the waters that lash the south coast of Devon.

The Speaker Who Made a Hit.

At a great Philadelphia convention a few years ago a professor in Harvard college read the Scripture lesson. I have forgotten even the names of the distinguished speakers of the evening, but I have not forgotten how Rufus M. Jones read the thirteenth chapter of Corinthians, as if it were living literature, and as if it meant every word. That, I fancy, is the sort of reading of the Pentateuch which the multitude of Jews alongside of the water gate heard that day so long ago.

Small wonder that they wept and shouted "Amen!" and howled themselves to the earth in contrition, and listened for dear life for six short hours. No sermons are long when they are messages of life, from living men to living men. Emotions? Of course there was emotion. There is always emotion when hearts are deeply stirred. There is emotion when a man tells a woman of his love. There is emotion over the birth of the first-born. There is emotion when a country's call is heard by patriots. The stirring of the deep always produces emotion, and the automatic objection to emotion in connection with religion is little less than absurd.

The lesson of this whole lesson is obvious. It is that the surest way to the most abiding religious revival is by the study of the word of God. Give the people the Book and they can do without an evangelist. The entrance of the Word gives light and life and fortitude and conviction and lowliness and peace. The people who have come upon a revival of Bible study have the best reason to be glad and grateful, as the Jews after the festival of study of the law. They celebrated because they had learned anew the Pentateuch, how much greater should be the celebration of those who have the living Gospel as their light and their strength.

SEVEN SENTENCE SERMONS.

Life is a casket, not precious in itself, but valuable in proportion to what fortune, or industry or virtue has placed within it.—Lander.

It is safer to trust your eyes than your ears when a man argues religion while his wife carries in the water.—"Ram's Horn."

To thine own self be true,
And it must follow as the night the day
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

—Shakespeare

An educated man is a man who can do what he ought to do when he ought to do it whether he wants to do it or not.—Nicholas Murray Butler

Our deeds determine us as well as we determine our deeds.—George Eliot.

None but God is worthy of the whole offering of man.—Phillips Brooks

The face is made every day by its morning prayer and by its morning look out of the windows which open upon heaven.—Joseph Parker

The Simple Truth

Soon after a certain judge of the Supreme Court of Rhode Island had been appointed he went down into one of the southern counties to sit for a week. He was well satisfied with himself. "Mary," he said to the Irish waitress at the hotel where he was stopping, "you've been in this country how long?"

"Two years, sir," she said.

"Do you like it?"

"Sure, it's well enough," answered Mary.

"But, Mary," the judge continued, "you have more privileges in this country which you'd not have in Ireland. Now at home you would never be in a room with a justice of the Supreme Court and chatting familiar with him."

"But sure, sir," said Mary, quite in earnest, "you'd never be a judge at home."

Knew What He'd Done.

A tourist walking along a quiet Irish country road came upon two men fighting desperately and rolling in too just of the wayside. The upper man was pummeling the under man mercilessly, and the spectator thought he ought to interfere.

"I say, old chap," he began expostulating, "it's not playing the game to hit a man when he's down, you know."

The victor paused a moment and raised his head. "Faith," said he, "an' if ye knew all the trouble I had getting him down ye wouldn't be talkin' like that."

Hiding Place.

"What's that you are reading?" "A scientific article. It says that oysters secrete pearls." "Um; Where do they secrete them?" "Under the bed of the ocean, I suppose." — Louisville Courier-Journal.

"TO MY CELLO."

The following ode "To My Cello" is credited to Alfred Hoffman:
Poor old Cello, my friend indeed!
You have no brain, so you have no creed.

You were made by man, that much is true,
But the One above put a soul in you,
You ask so little, you give so much,
And you answer ev'ry friendly touch.

You're on this earth for naught but good

And you're just a plaything made of wood.

MEIBA HURT AT FORT WORTH.

Mme. Meiba was painfully injured at Fort Worth recently and narrowly escaped death during a performance of "Faust." In the vision scene in the first act, the gauze curtain weighing 500 pounds fell, striking the singer, smashing the spinning-wheel and overturning the raised platform.

Mme. Meiba was knocked unconscious and an uproar ensued, which was prevented from becoming a panic only by the quick action of Director Campanini in having the orchestra play "The Star-Spangled Banner."

After about ten minutes, the singer was revived and, although suffering acutely from bruises on the neck and shoulders and a sprained thumb, she was able to continue the opera with one arm in a sling.

—W. J. Marsh.

and the two girls strolled up Maple street arm in arm, aiming little torpedoes of conversation at each other. It was the fault of neither that the shots missed their mark and went astray, hitting no vital spots. Neither had any idea of the other's interests or hobbies, and therefore it was practically impossible to find a range. Nevertheless they chatted, as young things will, and their voices made an odd duet. It was as though a tremulous, untrained soprano carried the air for a lovely, full-throated contralto.

Dulcie piped innocently of Hilldale doings, and Zema sang softly of the New York season that had worn her out. The tunes were unrelated but not discordant.

Matilda Nesbit welcomed her niece on the steps of her white cottage.

"Your father's daughter," she said sadly. "I'm glad to see you, Zema, but I can't say that you resemble my poor dead sister very much. You've the dark eyes and the French dash of Henri Favard."

Zema followed Dulcie upstairs to the blue and white guest room. The rag rugs and hand crocheted tidies amused her, and the cleanliness and order enchanted her.

She disregarded the immaculate coverlet on the high-posted bed and threw herself across it gratefully. Her slender body sank deep in the feathers of the old-fashioned mattress. She shrieked with joy.

"I've never been so comfortable before, Dulcie," she chorlled; "hand me that silver case from the bureau, will you?"

Dulcie, shocked beyond remonstrance, crept down the stairs and guiltily avoided her mother. She was afraid of, and for, her black-haired, lithe-bodied cousin who reposed in the guest room.

Matilda Nesbit sniffed suspiciously. "Dulcie!" she demanded, "what's burning? I smell smoke!"

Dulcie blurted out the damning truth. "Zema's lying on the best bedspread—smoking cigarets!" she stammered.

And then she fled.

Hilldale had its own opinion of Zema Favard. That opinion was formed the night of her arrival, when she attended the band concert with her aunt and her cousin. It was confirmed the following morning, when she did not accompany them to church. Hilldale had much to say about young women who gowned and departed themselves as this New York visitor did. It had a name for them, a name conned in the local moving picture show, and uttered in whispers.

"Dulcie's cousin is a vampire!" the rheumatic Mrs. Simpson confided to the minister's wife as they loitered in the church vestibule after service. "She's a regular cold-blooded vampire, with shiny black hair and snaky, white arms. I can tell 'em the minute I see 'em. Poor Dulcie! She'd better watch her beau."

Town girls adopted the slogan. Most of the Hilldale youth had gone to war, but those who were left were placed under strict surveillance by their mothers, sisters and sweethearts. Even, well-behaved husbands found themselves assiduously chaperoned.

Dulcie alone neglected to arm herself against the enemy. And the enemy slept twelve hours a night in her guest room and dozed twelve hours a day on her front porch. There was no telling when and how she would spring.

It was not laziness that prevented Dulcie from mobilizing, neither was it indifference. It was a trust in all things human, and most of all in the man she loved.

She was thrilled and delighted to learn that Zema and Lieutenant Rinehart had met before, in the East, and had been friends. She ignored the hesitation with which each uttered the last word. She was desperately proud of them both, and she was perfectly content to sit on the porch of an evening listening to their chatter of Broadway and Fifth avenue. She smiled happily at reminiscences in which she had no part.

If Zema had not been present Ned would have been a more ardent lover, but Dulcie willingly sacrificed his kisses

cheeks, bowed her head in embarrassment. She was panic-stricken lest her mother hear her fiance's summons in the churchyard.

Another whistle.

Dulcie's eyes sought Zema's helplessly. Her cousin met the mute appeal for help with a gay little smile.

"Don't worry," she whispered; "I'll fix him!"

It was only a step to the door, and Zema took it so stealthily that no one, save the grateful Dulcie, suspected her hasty exit from the vestry-rooms. The

She turned out the lights in the parlor and threw herself down on the lounge, sobbing great long sobs that racked her body and left her weak and exhausted.

An hour passed, and yet another hour. Dulcie rose and stumbled into the hall. The clock was striking 12. Maple street had been in darkness for a long time. Hilldale was asleep.

She had reached the landing of the stairs and started upward when the front door opened. It was not a desire to cavendrop that made her halt and crouch into the shadows of the banister. It was the primitive instinct of self-preservation. She could not let them find her, tear-stained and wretched. She was an unwilling witness to the scene in the hall below. Zema and

Ned, laughing and whispering, entered on tiptoe and faced each other like two guilty children.

"Neddy boy," said Zema, "tonight has made my whole tiresome visit worth while. I love this stupid town and all the stupid people in it."

"That's good."

There was a long silence, and Dulcie, faint with the effort to restrain her sobs, crept slowly up to her room. They did not hear her. Half an hour more passed before the front door closed and Zema's light step sounded on the stairs.

Dulcie's little dream of love was over, and in its place came a hideous, wakeful nightmare of disillusion. She lay in her narrow bed and stared at the windows. Just as the sun was giving the

first rays of light to the new day a gleam of understanding crept into her tired soul. It was not comforting, but it made the past easier to understand and the future easier to face.

Zema and Ned had known each other before. They might have loved. Perhaps, after all, Zema was not maliciously robbing Dulcie of her happiness. Perhaps—it was possible—she was only reclaiming her own.

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THE good in Dulcie had triumphed. She closed her eyes and slept like a weary child.

Ned Rinehart rose earlier than usual the following morning. The events of the night had made him wakeful, and he dozed his uniform with all possible speed. The judge was waiting for him in the library.

"I'm mighty proud of you, son," he said simply. "Have you told her yet?" Ned shook his head.

"I feel like a dog about last night, father," he began. "Zema and I were standing outside the church when the messenger came up, and—"

His father laughed.

"Don't worry; she'll understand."

Ned believed that she would. He could wait no longer to see her. He declined breakfast and sped up Maple street, his cheerful face beaming with good humor.

Mrs. Nesbit met him at the door. Her eyes were cold, her ample figure had a new and foreign dignity.

"Dulcie in?" he inquired eagerly. "I've some news for her."

It was then that the mother instinct, long dormant in Matilda Nesbit, awoke and flew to the protection of her young.

"You can keep your news, Lieutenant Rinehart," she said curtly. "My Dulcie



"I've never been so comfortable before, Dulcie."

for her cousin's entertainment. And their engagement remained a secret.

Ned Rinehart did not mean to be unkind. He was nothing worse than an egotist, and his inconsideration of Dulcie sprang from a thoughtless desire to please himself. No one could have been more surprised than he at the turn of affairs after Zema's arrival.

The guild bazaar had been such a success that the contributors were asked to remain after church one evening, to hear the financial report. Dulcie, Mrs. Nesbit and the blasé Zema were among those who adjourned to the vestry-rooms at the minister's request. Zema protested a headache, but her aunt was firm. It was their duty to hear the report.

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THE vestry-rooms opened on a side street, and the door stood ajar, inviting the cool night breeze. Zema and Dulcie took chairs in the back row, and both cast rather impatient glances toward the gate to freedom as the monotonous voice of the deacon chanted a stupid list of figures. He had turned three pages and begun the fourth when Ned whistled.

"Mrs. Amos Jackson, one pie, two aprons, \$1," sang the deacon.

Ned, calling for the girls and nervous at the delay, espied the light in the rear of the church and approached the open door, whistling softly.

"Mrs. Arnold Risley, two pounds of fudge, a pincushion, \$2," sang the deacon.

Dulcie, a swift blush rising to her

whistling ceased instantly, and the deacon's song went on uninterrupted.

Dulcie felt that Zema had saved her from eternal disgrace. She leaned back in her chair and beamed with relief. She hoped her mother would understand.

The last figure had been read and Mrs. Nesbit had congratulated each member of the guild when she joined her daughter in the doorway.

"Where's Zema?" she demanded, with instant suspicion. "I didn't see her go out."

"She didn't—till the end, ma," Dulcie protested. "She's waiting for us in the yard, with Ned."

But Zema was not waiting. The yard was dark and deserted, and after a little hesitation Matilda Nesbit and her daughter walked toward Maple street in uncomfortable silence.

Zema and Ned were nowhere in sight.

The Nesbit home was unlighted and the porch empty. Dulcie had an ache in her throat as they crossed the threshold and entered the house. She could not believe that Zema and Ned had willingly forsaken her, and yet—what was detaining them?

Matilda Nesbit showed unusual consideration for her daughter's feelings. She yawned, remarked that she was sleepy, and climbed the stairs to her bedroom. Dulcie was left alone with her jealousy.

Jealousy was a new emotion for this blue-eyed, whole-souled country girl, and she knew no way of defending herself against it. She did the natural thing.

Let There Be No Kissless Days!



"If kissing
be the food
of love,
kiss on!"

SO LONG as there are no kissless days the world of brides and bridegrooms will let Mr. Hoover have all the meatless, wheatless, sweetsless days he wants. Meat may be scarce, but kisses are many; wheat may be short, but kisses are long; sugar may be scant, but the lips of lovers are sweet enough to atone.

For the newlyweds paraphrase Shakespeare and sing, "If kissing be the food of love, kiss on!"

Truth it is and no jest that love lives on love for a time. What have beefsteak and fried potatoes to do with the divine fire? When hearts are swelling and throbbing, what place can there be for so silly a thing as digestion?

Souls that rush and cling find the dinner table merely an advantage.

By Elizabeth Walton

Illustrated by Juanita Homel

ous spot for long love glances, a place where they can sit silently for a time, in close communion, feeding on each other's sighs and smiles, while the secretly smiling maid brings on the dishes and takes them away untouched.

• • •

This fervor today is not confined to brides and bridegrooms. All young husbands and wives in the brief days before he goes away to war feel the honeymoon rapture stealing over them, making them hunger only for kisses, making them forget meat and drink, wrapping them wholly in its tender mantle, making the last days kissing days.

won't be interested in anything you say—from now on."

The door banged.

Matilda Nesbit, breathing hard, felt a hand on her shoulder, and turned to face her niece. Zema, whose habit was to lie abed until noon, was fully dressed. Matilda scented further conspiracy. The work she had begun must go on. Her wrath almost choked her as she began to speak.

"You—vampire!" she accused. "You heard me tell Lieutenant Rinehart that he was no longer welcome in my house. That applies to you also, Zema Favard. I've had enough of your tricks! My Dulcie is too young and innocent to have her heart broken by such as you. Do you hear me—you siren? You're going home today!"

Laughter came slowly to the black-haired girl who faced Matilda. It came to her eyes first; then to the corners of her mouth, and finally rang out from her lips. She held out one of her slim white hands.

"Open that door, auntie!" she com-

manded calmly. "I want Ned to hear what I have to say. After that he and I will leave the house, together—if you wish."

Dulcie, in her room above, had just slipped into a pink gingham dress. She stole into the hall, her long hair loose and uncombed. She reached the head of the stairs just as Matilda yielded and admitted Ned.

"I can tell the story in a moment," said Zema, "and then you'll understand everything."

"Ned and I knew each other in New York. His best friend—Jack Brothers—was in love with me. Ned, brought up in this narrow-minded village, disapproved of me and my actions, and begged Jack to give me up. There was trouble between them. I never saw Ned again until I came here, and, as you may imagine, we expected to hate each other. Well, we didn't. Ned told me last night that he hopes Jack and I will be married after the war."

There was a short, surprised silence, and then Matilda Nesbit spoke sharply.

"Last night?" she demanded. "That's what I want explained."

"All right."

Ned Rinehart's voice was low, earnest.

"That's my story, and I begin it with an apology. Dulcie and I have been engaged for some time, Mrs. Nesbit, and it is my fault that she has not told you. You see, I didn't want to announce it until I received the promotion that was coming to me. In my present position I couldn't offer her much, but as a captain I could take her away from Hildale and give her a chance to live. It was foolish pride that made me ask her to wait, but—well, the judge is a proud old fellow, you know, and they say I take after him. I got my appointment—last night, Mrs. Nesbit. A messenger came while Zema and I were standing in the churchyard, and we skipped home to find out what was up. Long distance was calling—Washington. I go East to take charge of my regiment tomorrow. Does my wife go with me?"

There was a scream in the hall above, and Dulcie half ran, half tumbled down

the stairs, into Captain Rinehart's arms. Her hair was flying loose about her shoulders. Her eyes were starry.

He kissed her.

"Did you doubt me, little girl?" he demanded. "Did you think there could be anyone else?"

After all, Dulcie was only human. She shook her head and then buried it on the shoulder which was soon to be decorated with two tiny silver bars.

When they realized that there were other people in the world, they glanced toward the dining-room, where Zema, arrayed in one of Dulcie's calico aprons, was setting the table for breakfast.

"Dearie, child," said Mrs. Nesbit at her elbow, "can you ever forgive me? I didn't know what possessed me to call you that dreadful name."

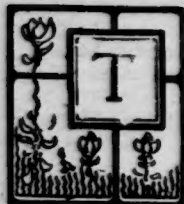
"Vampire?" drawled Zema. "Oh, that's all right, auntie. You forgot about the war. I used to be a good one, but the men were all transported, and—I met Jack. I'll never vamp again; I've retired!"

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THE SCAR

By H. M. Egbert

Illustrated by F. McAnelly



HE solution of what I call the "pension fraud problem" was one of the hardest matters that ever fell to me in my capacity as government investigator. Some of my work in London and New

York had been brought to the attention of the departmental heads at Washington—in particular the detection of the maniac Shay, a case in which I was singularly fortunate. I received a flattering offer of an inspectorship in the pension department, which was about this time much worried by the innumerable cases of fraud that were being continually discovered, and so, relinquishing my law practice in New York, I made Washington my headquarters, from which I was sent out on various missions throughout the country, accomplishing them with what I may call, without self-flattery, tolerable success.

But the "pension fraud problem," as I have named this particular case, baffled me, and at last, finding a solution impossible, I called in the aid of Peter Crewe, whose quickness of eye and peculiar facility of photographically recording anything that he had ever seen, and storing it in his memory until he had use for it, had made him invaluable to me on many previous occasions. Crewe responded to my appeal at once and came on to Washington, where I posted him in the details of this affair.

The government is not overzealous in scrutinizing its rolls of army pensioners, and yet it did seem singular that a man who had been invalided out of the army in 1864 for physical disability, being then 55 years of age, and having managed to enlist only because of the Union's desperate need of men, should still be hale and hearty and mulcting the government of \$840 annually at the age of 104. Yet it was our task to prove the claim fraudulent—and I could not do so.

WILLIAM SEARS resided with his granddaughter, Mrs. Bolton, a middle-aged widow, upon a little farm in Maryland. He was a hale old man, and though he claimed to have passed the century mark four years previously, he had the aspect of a man of some 82 or 83. They had moved to Maryland from Kansas a few years previously, and the government contention was that Mrs. Bolton, knowing the death of her grandfather would entail the loss of the pension money, had contrived that this event should take place just after they moved from Kansas and before she arrived in Maryland, and had thereupon substituted

Wherein the government has undertaken to solve a pension fraud, and in so doing uncovers another Sherlock Holmes

another old man, but some years younger, in Sears' place.

But this was just what could not be proved. The old pensioner had taken up land in a pioneer district of Kansas, where he dwelt some fifteen miles from his nearest neighbor. Furthermore, he was crippled with rheumatism, and the rare visits of friends had been made when he was lying helpless in a semi-dark room. Thus nobody in the district had an exact impression of Sears' features. All his boyhood associates had died; I could find none who might be able positively to identify him. The arrival in Maryland had, of course, entirely

visited her upon her farm in Maryland, and she met me with apparent ingenuousness. More than that, she called her grandfather down, and the old man came hobbling briskly out upon the porch to welcome me. His rheumatism, he said, had been cured by a certain widely exploited medicine three years before, and the company had made a feature of his portrait in its advertisements. Certainly the pair now courted all possible publicity. With the early history of William Sears and with his war record the old man showed an intimate knowledge—but then the woman might have posted him. Altogether, though I was convinced that the fellow was an impostor, I could not prove the government's case; and the more I was baffled the stronger became my determination. Hence my summoning Peter Crewe.

We journeyed down to Bristow, the village nearest to the farm, and took up our residence in the local hotel. After a few days' caution we broke the ice, and the landlord did not have to be drawn out, either. He was full of indignation. A rascally government had sent an agent down there recently with the object of robbing their oldest pensioner of his reward for serving his country. Everybody for miles around knew and respected old Bill Sears. Last Decoration day he had headed the procession of war veterans, in spite of his years, wearing his old blue uniform as proudly as though it had been a king's coronation robe. Bristow had been a Republican district, but, by heck, he knew a few who were going to vote Democratic at the next election to show the government what they thought of it.

"He's proud of his uniform, then?" asked Crewe.

"Proud of it, sir?" reiterated the landlord. "Why, he won't go out of the house unless he's wearing it. Pretty soiled and stained and moth-eaten it is by now, too, but it represents his country in his eyes."

"I remember that he was wearing it when I visited the farm," I said. "It's almost gray by now, it has faded so."

"Anybody could get hold of an old federal uniform," said Crewe to me. "That, of course, proves nothing, Langton. Very probably it is the same uniform that his predecessor wore in Kansas—assuming, of course, that there was a predecessor."

"Look for the bullet wound under the

hole in the coat," said my companion simply.

This simple solution of the matter had actually never occurred to me. In my zeal to entrap the old fellow in some verbal inaccuracy I had neglected this simplest and most elementary method of testing at least part of his story. On the following day Crewe and I tackled him in the parlor.

• • •

NOW, Mr. Sears," I said, "with reference to that wound of yours, to remove all further doubt will you lay bare the upper portion of your chest and let us see the scars?"

They flared up—the man and woman simultaneously.

"Don't let them strip you, grandfather!" she cried with an outburst of angry tears. "These snippets of clerks have insulted you long enough. My grandfather fought and shed his blood for his country," she continued proudly, "and he's not going to be examined at his age as though he was a horse."

"In that case, madam," I answered, "I shall be compelled to advise the government to stop payment of the pension money."

"Very well, strip me!" the old man shouted. "I'm not ashamed of any honorable scar. Go away, child; let them look at the marks the bullets made; they're more than they've got to show."

He removed his collar and laid bare the upper portion of his chest; and there, directly beneath the patch in the coat, was an undeniable scar! Then, while Crewe and I looked at each other in astonishment, he resumed his clothing with an air of triumph, leaving us baffled.

"Well," I said to Crewe later, "that ends the case."

"No," said Crewe decisively, "there is still one thing to do. I have positive proof, Langton, that the man lied to us. That uniform, faded as it may be, never saw Chancellorsville. Now we must bring pressure to bear on them that they will voluntarily give up the fight. We must meet fraud with fraud; it is the only way."

"How?" I asked.

"By bringing some false witness who will claim to have been a war comrade of the alleged Sears. Have you any man old enough in the pension department who would have sense enough to play such a role correctly?"

I thought a moment, and then I remembered just such a man. He had been requisitioned in similar cases.

"There's old Turpin, the porter," I answered. "He actually served during the war and could play the part to perfection."

"Good. Now let us bring him to the



She stood facing us all defiantly.

changed the suspected man's environment of acquaintances; and, in short, there seemed no reason why William Sears should not drag out his existence indefinitely, or at least until he reached so patriarchal an age—125, for instance—that the long-suffering pension office would finally lose patience and cease the payment of his pension.

I was frank with the woman when I

farm as an alleged acquaintance of Sears. Let him come in the pretended expectation of greeting his one-time comrade in arms. Let him meet this old impostor with astonishment and angrily denounce him. Do you think Turpin could play his part so convincingly that he will deceive this man into believing that his trick has been discovered?"

"He can if anyone can," I answered. Turpin was a practical joker whose propensity for mischief had more than once involved him in serious difficulties with the departmental heads. He was an Irishman with the dry humor of the Scot; a privileged character in his own humble sphere, and known to all older Washington as a brave soldier of the republic.

I wired my chief to send Turpin to us immediately. We met him at the station and at once began to coach him in the part he was to play.

"Remember, Turpin," I said, "you were an intimate friend of Sears during the war. You shared the same blanket with him during many a night. You have just heard of him, after believing him to be dead for twenty years or more. Now, understand, when you meet the alleged Sears, you will fail to recognize him. You will be skeptical as to his identity. Then, when he begins to talk about old times, you will pretend to be convinced, lure him into garrulousness, and suddenly entrap him with some simple question—the color of a horse, a captain's name, or something that he could not possibly fail to remember."

Turpin passed his hand across his wrinkled forehead in a reflective manner.

"Suppose he agrees with me," he said. "Suppose I can't get him to contradict himself? Or suppose he says he forgot? You can't expect too much of a man who claims to be 104."

"Then," I said, "you have him. If he agrees with what isn't true, he must be lying; if he disputes you, denounce him as an impostor."

"I'm on now," Turpin answered.

We coached him in detail, emphasizing the necessity of preserving the good name of the army by driving out all impostors—a point on which I knew that Turpin felt strongly. When we reached the farm Mrs. Bolton welcomed us with her usual suavity.

"I know what you've come for, Mr. Turpin," she said, when we had introduced him. "You want to trap grandfather into confessing that he wasn't in the war. It's only natural that the government should lose patience with an old soldier who's shed his life-blood for his country when he gets to be 104."

"Not at all, ma'am," said Turpin hotly. "The government honors its old army men."

I could see that the woman's subtle suggestion was working in him, and that we could not wholly reckon upon his sympathies.

However, when he met the veteran in the parlor he played his part to perfection. He darted forward and wrung him by the hand.

"Bill Sears!" he shouted. "By gum, but you've changed, comrade. I'll wager you remember Johnny Turpin, though—Johnny Turpin of company B."

Sears looked at him closely.

"I don't seem to remember you," he said. "But I'll take your word, comrade. Sit down and smoke. It ain't as good as that home-cured plug we smoked before Richmond, when the commissariat gave out—you remember that?"

"No," said Turpin, "I don't. The best of my remembrance is that the government had more tobacco than we could smoke. If my memory don't fail me, we captured a tobacco convoy, going to Charleston."

They looked at one another for a few moments, each sizing the other up. Then Sears spoke with a cutting inflection.

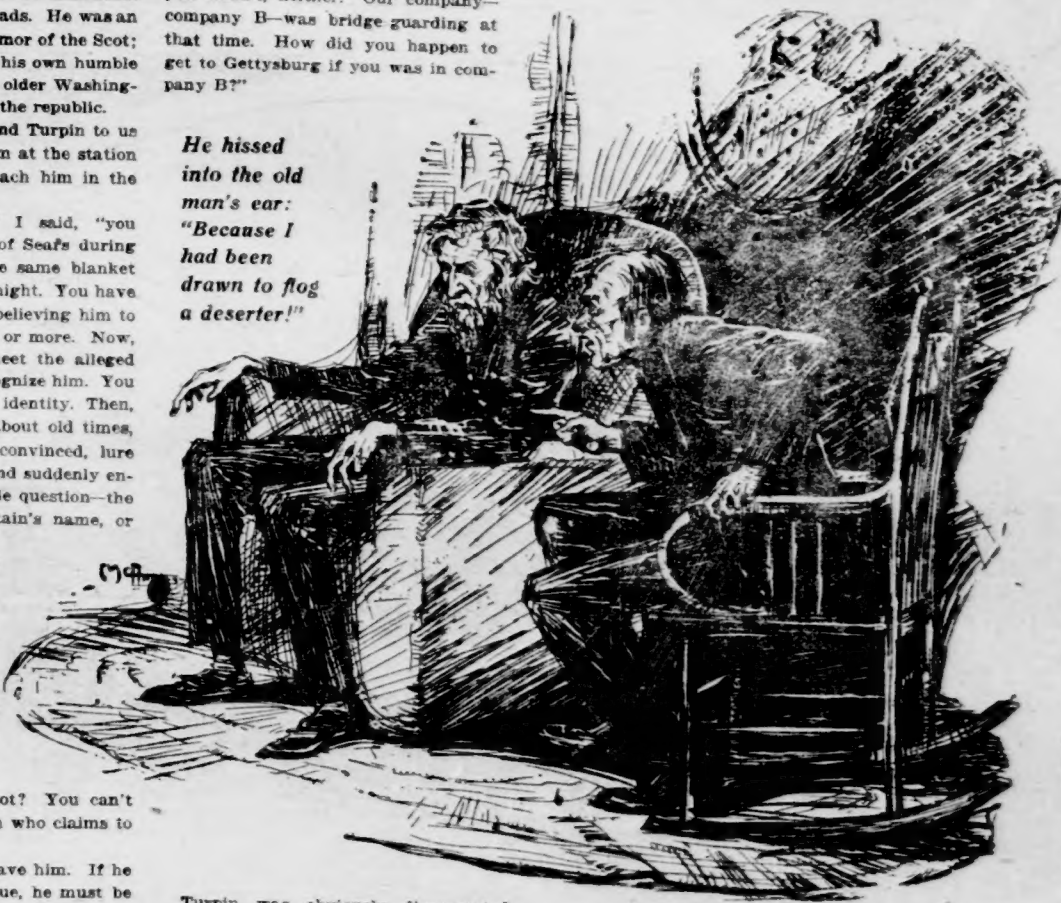
"Maybe you was a mule-whacker,

comrade," he said. "Them fellers used to get all the food and tobacco, while we poor ordinary soldiers went hungry."

"Mule-whacker?" shouted Turpin indignantly. "My belief is that you wasn't in the war at all. Bill Sears was as like you as a hog's like a prairie hen. Say, comrade, who was that little fellow that jumped into our redoubt at Gettysburg, and what did we do to him?"

"I wasn't at Gettysburg," said the old man angrily. "And it's my belief that you wasn't, neither. Our company—company B—was bridge guarding at that time. How did you happen to get to Gettysburg if you was in company B?"

He hissed into the old man's ear: "Because I had been drawn to flog a deserter!"



Turpin was obviously disconcerted. The alleged Sears had him at a disadvantage, and he was aware of it.

"You was at Gettysburg, was you?" continued the old fellow in sneering accents. "It's my belief Bull Run was the nearest you ever got to Gettysburg. You was a three months soldier, wasn't you?"

I never knew Bill Sears. But I know you. Do you want to know why I wasn't at Gettysburg?" He leaned forward and hissed into the old man's ear:

"BECAUSE I HAD BEEN DRAWN TO FLOG A DESERTER!"

The old man seemed to crumple up.

THE MOTHER By Ethel M. Colson

"I'D DO IT," said the severe looking old English lady with the kind eyes to the pretty girl frowning and smiling and blushing over a long letter on the other side of the tearoom table. "I'd do it, without delay."

"Beg pardon?" The girl looked up, puzzled. "What did you say?"

"I'd do it," repeated the old lady. "I'd marry him, no matter who said I was foolish. Why shouldn't you? You'd be taking a risk, but he's risking everything. Why shouldn't he have the happiness of knowing you're married to him?"

been easy. She bridled a little, in a long-gone fashion, as she played with her cup and spoon.

"Many years ago I had a similar problem. My beloved was ordered out to India, and I knew he might not return, and I couldn't go with him. Everybody said I was mad to dream of marrying under such circumstances, but I did, and I've never been sorry. I married my lover and waited for him. When next we met he was a distinguished soldier. He never saw our son until he was 3 years old."

"And is your son a soldier, too?" the



Love shouldn't be cowardly. I'd say 'Yes' by the next mail."

"I will," answered the girl suddenly, her eyes and color transcendentally splendid. "But how did you know what I had in mind?"

It was the old lady's turn to blush, and she proved that once the feat had

girl asked, returning with an obvious leap from some far, fair region of the spirit. "Is he also in the army?"

The eyes the old lady would not allow to fill softened, wavered, fell to the man's signet ring on her largest finger.

"He was," the old lady made answer, gathering up her packages and gloves.

He sank back into his chair and stared wildly around him; at Peter Crewe, at me, at the implacable Turpin.

"Gentlemen," said Turpin, turning to us, "you brought me here to trap this fellow into lying. I couldn't do it. But it was a fortunate thing you did, for I guess I'm the only living man that can identify him for what he is. The morning before Gettysburg, while our boys was moving forward to meet the rebels, I

was kept behind in camp to flog a deserter. That was the man, and I strung him up to the triangle and laid the stripes on hard for the sake of the republic. Our uniforms was mostly worn out, and we was fighting in anything we could find to put on our backs—and this fellow, he'd only joined three weeks before, and hadn't got into the blue. That was the only thing that saved him from facing a flogging squad. I laid the stripes on hard, and if you'll look at his back you'll find them there to this day, gentlemen!"

Turpin stood up, towering over the little, shrunken old man who crouched in the chair. Once more he seemed about to carry out the sentence, and his adversary to cower in anticipation of it.

Suddenly the door opened and Mrs. Bolton glided in. She had evidently heard the whole of the colloquy, for she stood facing us all defiantly.

"The game's up, Annie," said the old fellow in a weakened voice. The weight of his years appeared to have fallen about him, as though nothing but the will to live, the desire of perpetuating his imposture, had hitherto braced up his failing powers.

I stepped forward.

"You had better confess the whole matter," I said. "It is possible that the government will not care to prosecute. In fact, I think I can promise you that this will be the case. Where is William Sears?"

"Dead," said the woman sullenly. He died in Kansas, and we buried him in his blue uniform, as he had asked to be buried. It was the only thing he saved when our house burned down."

"And who is this man?"

"Our hired man in Kansas. He looked like grandfather, only younger. Grandfather often used to say, laughingly, 'When I'm dead, Annie, you can pretend Mulligan—'"

"Mulligan!" cried Turpin. "That's the name—Mulligan!"

"You can pretend Mulligan's me and let him draw my pension. I took it as a joke at the time, but it was no joke when the pension stopped, with all we had burned up with our home."

"And he impersonated your grandfather?"

The woman nodded.

"And the bullet scar under the uniform?"

"A vaccination scar," the woman answered.

Then Crewe took up the conversation. "When you decided to have this man impersonate your grandfather," he said, "you wondered where you could obtain a Grand Army uniform. You knew that, though you might obtain one, the story might leak out. You could not afford to take any chances. And so you bought a length of cloth the color of the faded uniform, and you tore it and patched it and let it bleach for weeks in the sun. And then you made a uniform to fit this—Mulligan."

"How do you know that?" the woman cried, turning on Crewe swiftly. "It's true!—my God, it's true!—but how did you know it?"

"And if this Mulligan had ever worn the uniform he would have been too wise to let you do what you did. If any man who ever saw him wearing it had used his eyes he would have detected the imposture. Madam, you sewed the buttons on the wrong side of the coat. It is only women's clothes that button from right to left. Men's clothes button from left to right."

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